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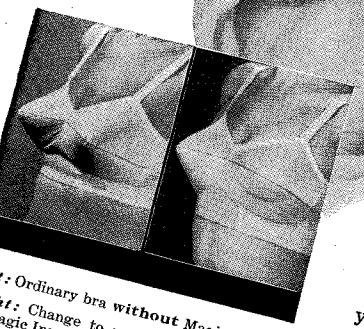

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Contents for March, 1952

VOL. 31, No. 5, WHOLE No. 185

Articles

The Rich Rewards of Work ..... CHANNING POLLOCK 21
Death on the "Princeton" ..... M. S. DANK 24
The Voice of Churchill 29
Laws of the Jungle ..... FRANK BUCK 30
You Can't Get Away with Marital Infidelity! ..... MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE 35
"Johnnie & Mack at the Railroad Track" ..... JACK KOFOED 40
Ed Sullivan: TV's Miracle Man ..... RICHARD B. GEHMAN 53
The Mystery of the Church Pew ..... GEORGE H. STRALEY 59
The 'Copters Are Coming! ..... VICTOR BOESEN 60
Brooklyn Children Love Their Museum ..... LESTER DAVID 66
Secrets of Life—Before Birth ..... NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 85
The Prisoner Nobody Wanted ..... JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN 89
John Burroughs: Disciple of Nature ..... EDWIN WAY TEALE 90
The Town That Changed Its Mind ..... MARTIN ABRAMSON 95
My Silent World Is Golden ..... DANA PETTIBONE KOTTS 97
The Dog Business Is Here to Stay ..... DICKSON HARTWELL 104
Milwaukee Leads the War on Crime ..... OLGA DAVIDSON 125
Labrador Discovers a New Niagara ..... KEITH MUNRO 130
The Greatest Hoax of the Century ..... BEN NELSON 134
Medical Ambassador to Thailand ..... A. B. HENDRY 138
Friends Anonymous ..... VICTORIA W. FERGUSON 141
West Virginia's Test-Tube Symphony ..... J. P. FOLINSBEE 143

Pictorial Features

Coronet Recommends ..... MOVIES OF THE MONTH 6
Bound for Stardom ..... PICTURE PROFILE 8
Going Away in March? ..... TRAVEL TIPS 10
Cricket in the Bronx ..... SPORTS SHORT 12
Men on Marriage ..... A CAMERA CLOSE-UP 14
Coronet Quick Tricks ..... FUN FOR THE FAMILY 16
Timeless India ..... CAMERA VIGNETTE 18
Table Manners ..... ETIQUETTE FEATURE 19a
The Woman Who Married a Ghost ..... JOHN STUART MARTIN 44
New Stars Over Broadway ..... A PICTORIAL REPORT 69
A Boy Is Born Again ..... A PICTURE STORY 109
Southern Gentleman ..... INSIDE BACK COVER

Departments

Taxes! Taxes! Taxes! ..... WITTICISMS 39
Grin and Share It ..... HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 64
Unfurled from the Show World ..... ENTERTAINMENT GEMS 102
What's Their Line? ..... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 129

A Coronet Short Story

The Fix ..... PAUL GALLICO 147

Cover

"Six-shooter Edition" ..... J. FREDERICK SMITH

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DEATH OF A SALESMAN

ONE OF THE GREAT plays of the American theater, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* has become a stirring motion picture. This is the tragedy of Willie Loman, a salesman who "rode out into the blue on a smile and a shoeshine," who lived by false idols and was crushed when his sons, learning all too well from their father, failed him and failed themselves. Stanley Kramer and Columbia Pictures have an Academy Award contender.

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BOUND FOR STARDOM

BETSY VON FURSTENBERG, who was born in Germany, made America's social register, and wound up with an M-G-M contract, was once concerned lest people think her a dabbler. "I'm genuinely interested in dancing, acting, painting, and skating," she would say, her sincerity marked by more than mere proficiency in each. When it became clear that her dramatic talent destined her for the stage, Betsy promptly sublimated her other bents and viewed her choice as uncomplicated and inevitable: "I simply decided to be an actress."

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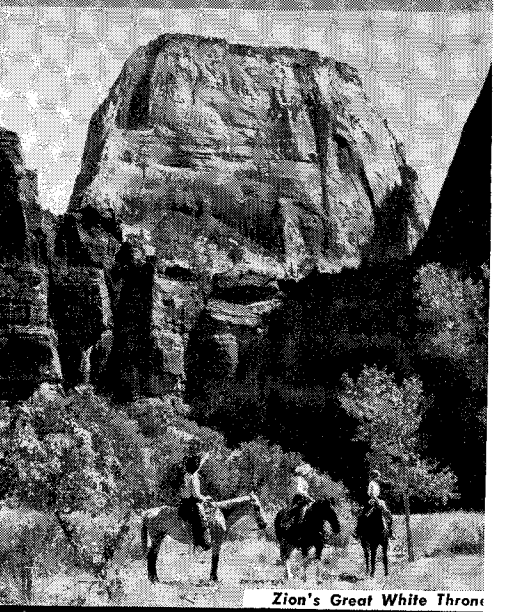

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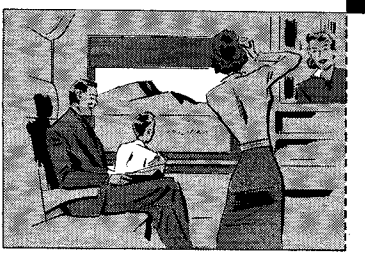

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Going Away in March?

Natchez: On the banks of the Mississippi stands one of the venerable cities of the Old South. In its setting of magnolias and a never-changing calm, everyday problems seem as remote as the moon. In March, the Natchez Pilgrimage gives you a close-up of stately, historic homes, and the Confederate Tableaux tell a vivid story of long ago.

Mt. Rainier: With its base in the forests near Puget Sound, Mt. Rainier rises almost 15,000 feet, one of the most majestic peaks in the U. S. Its rugged beauty preserved in a national park, Rainier is a wonderland of adventure for mountain climbers and skiers. And for just plain sight-seeing, its snowy crags have lured visitors from around the world.

Puerto Rico: Palm-shaded beaches of warm sand are framed by a backdrop of dark mountains. The sea is ever-blue and dotted with sailboats and tanned swimmers. Nearby is fast-growing San Juan with its myriad cobbled streets and quaint shops, and with magnificent hotels whose tropical rhythms, it is said, will keep you dancing till dawn.

Wilmington: North Carolina plays host to flower lovers this month—and does it magnificently. The annual Azalea Festival turns the Greenfield Lake area into a garden of blazing color. Standing gracefully against moss-festooned cypress, great banks of Azaleas and dogwood make the drive around the lake an unforgettable experience in beauty.

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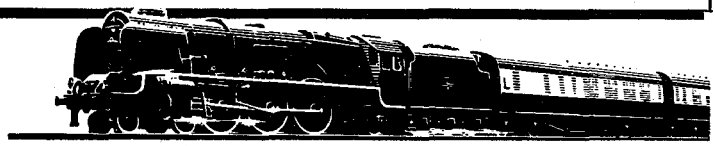

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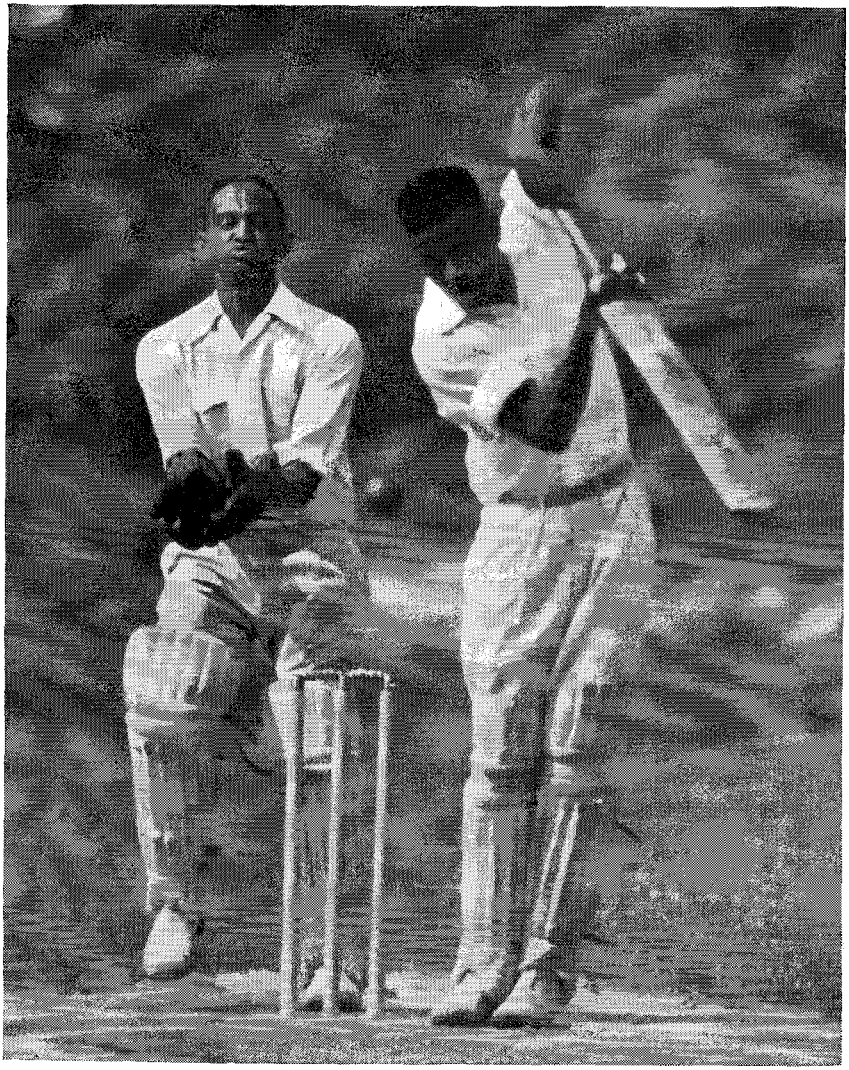

Cricket in the Bronx

No scene from the playing fields of England, this picture of a cricket batsman and wicketkeeper was made in New York's Van Cortlandt Park, where local teams' matches often last eight hours. A typical score? 622-598.

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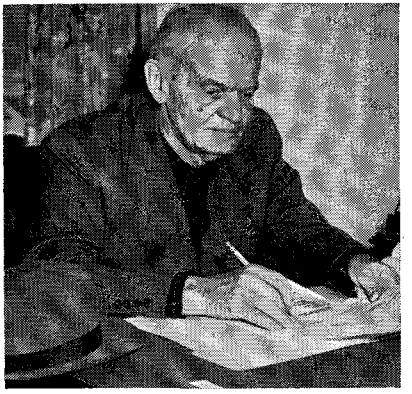
Men on Marriage

NEXT TO WIVES, it is said that the people in this world who know most about marriage are husbands. But because, somehow, the average husband gradually loses the ability to voice his own opinions, various authors have assumed the responsibility of expressing the male attitudes on married life, and some of their observations are presented on this page.



Novelist Clarence Budington Kelland: "It takes an average man 25 years to learn to be married; it's a wonder women have the patience to wait for it."

British author Somerset Maugham: "American women expect to find in their husbands a perfection English women only hope to find in their butlers."

Father of two, Ogden Nash, poet: "Marriage is the alliance of two people; one of them never remembers birthdays, and the other one never forgets them."

J. B. Priestley, novelist and playwright: "A loving wife will do almost anything for her husband except stop criticizing him and attempting to improve him."

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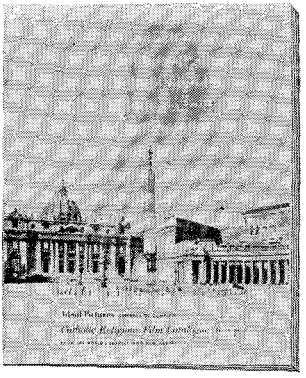
Protestant Religious Film Catalogue



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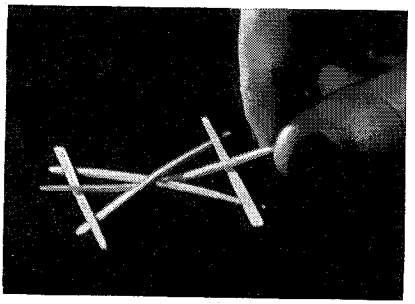
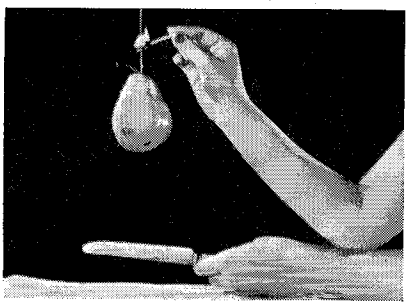
Coronet Quick Tricks



THE TRICK: To blow over two heavy books when one is set horizontally across the top of the other.

HOW TO DO IT: Before you set up the books in the form of a "T," put a narrow paper bag under the upright volume. When you blow hard into the bag, both books will come tumbling down.

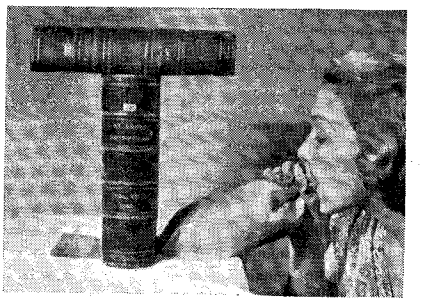


THE TRICK: To blow a small cork, placed in the neck of a horizontally held bottle, into the bottle.

HOW TO DO IT: Only a directed air stream can turn the trick; otherwise the cork will keep bobbing out of the bottle. Use a sipping straw, aim it at the center of the cork and blow hard.

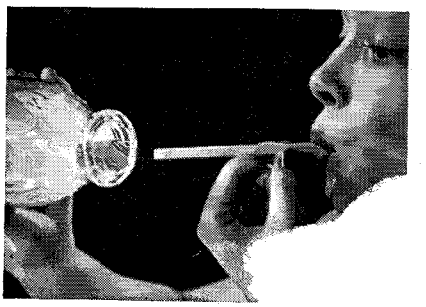
THE TRICK: To hold five toothpicks in the air by touching only one of them.

HOW TO DO IT: Cross two toothpicks in the shape of an "X." Lay two others across the open ends. Then carefully slide a fifth over the end toothpick, under the point at which the two meet and over the one on the far end.



THE TRICK: To cut a pear suspended by a string three feet in the air with a knife that can't be moved more than six inches from the table.

HOW TO DO IT: Hold the knife directly under the pear. Light the thread with a match. The pear will fall on the sharp end of the knife and cut itself.



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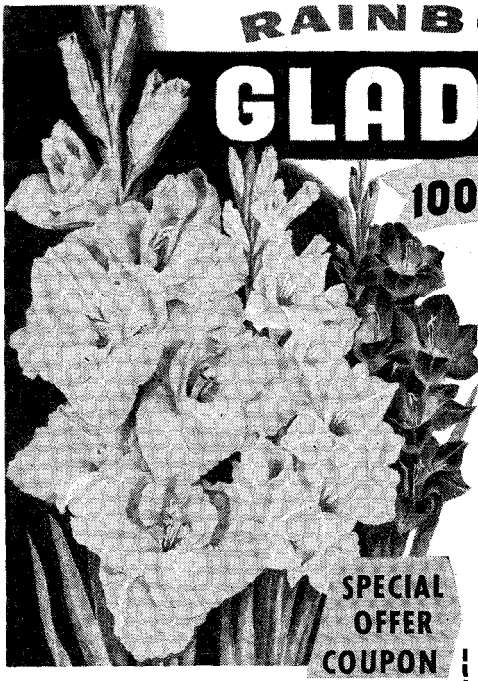

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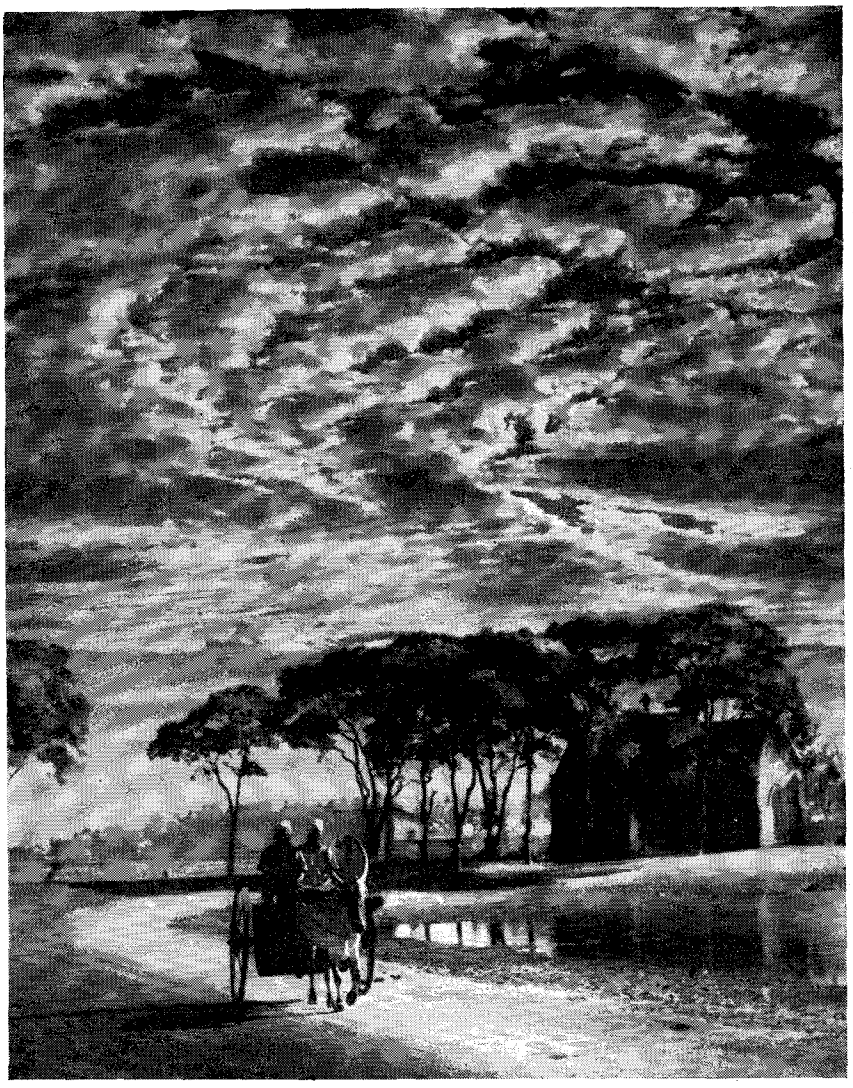

TIMELESS INDIA

FAR AWAY, in cities and towns, men build factories and ride in new machines. But here, in the back provinces, the cart and its beast of burden are as familiar as the summer dawn. The dusty road is as timeless as

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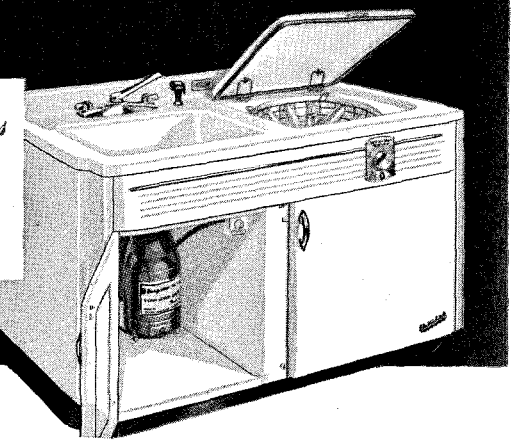

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MARCH, 1952

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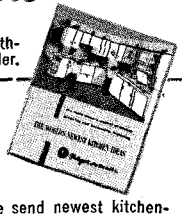

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Table Manners

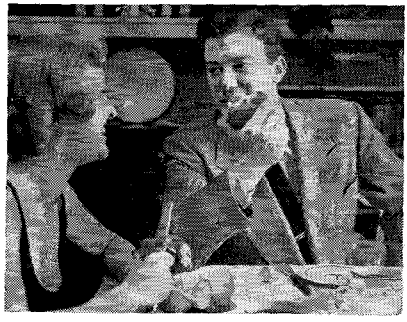
Avoiding uncouthness is at the root of all good table manners, and no one makes an uglier picture than the soup-blower.

Tilting the plate to get at the last mouthful of soup is crude and unnecessary. If it is that good, you may ask for more.

Only animals bolt food in huge mouthfuls lest other animals steal it. Don't evoke animal images with loaded fork.

Break your bread in small pieces before buttering and eating. The bouillon spoon belongs on the plate, not in the cup.

Even in boardinghouses, the boarding-house reach is frowned upon. Ask that the dish you want be passed along to you.



Instead of biting into a whole piece fruit, cut it in small pieces first easier to eat, and looks much be

Posed by Barbara Weeks, Jay Meredith, Elspeth Eric, Sandy Becker, Bill Lipton, and Michael Ingram of the cast of CBS's "Young Dr. Malone."

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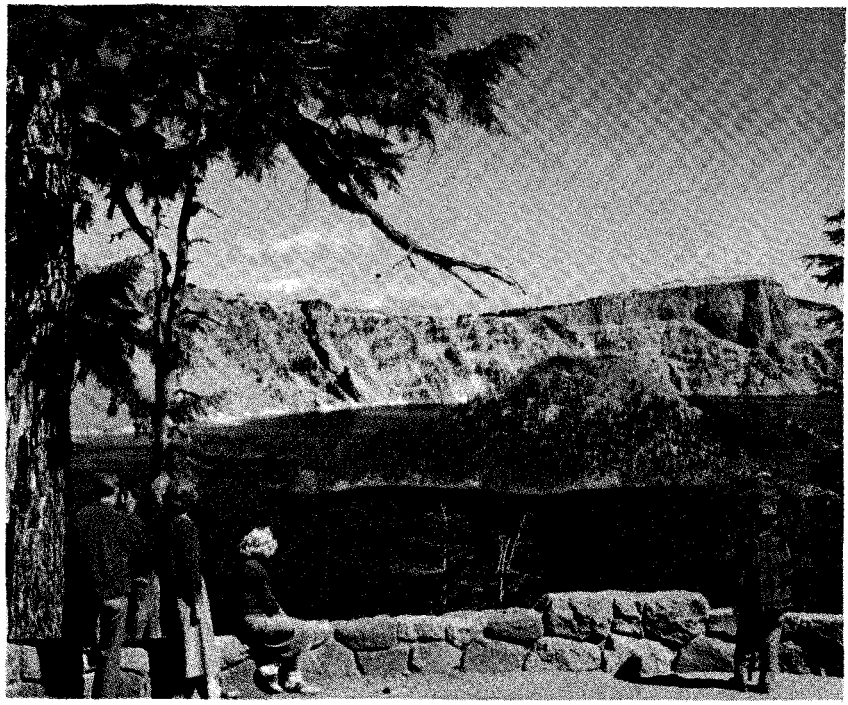

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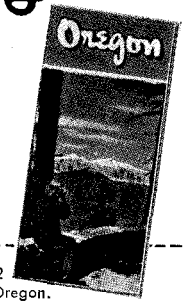

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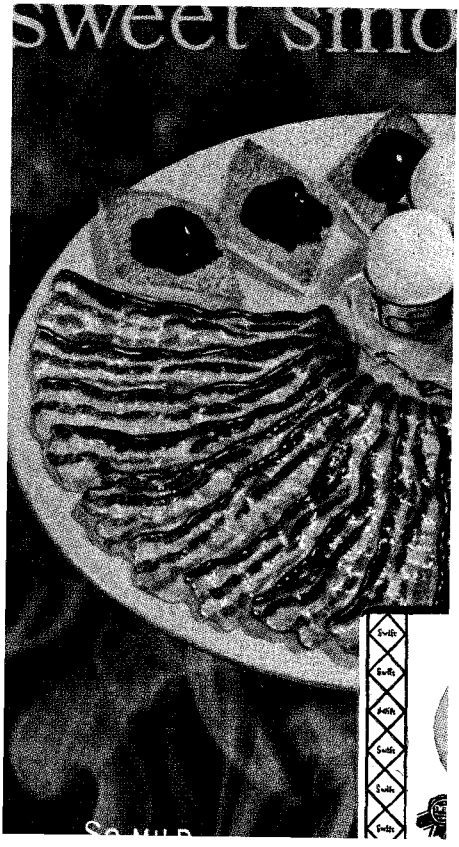

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Vol. 31, No. 5. March, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The Rich Rewards of Work

by CHANNING POLLOCK

I'M WRITING THIS on a Sunday between New York and St. Louis. Since writing is my trade, I suppose that, strictly speaking, I'm at work. And yet, walking through the train from the diner, I wondered whether I'm not the only person here who's really enjoying himself.

Most of my fellow passengers are fighting boredom. Two or three are asleep, looking very uncomfortable, and a dozen others are compelling themselves to talk about nothing in particular. A man across the aisle is reading "the funnies," without smiling, and two women are struggling with a crossword puzzle. I have a fondness for words, too, but it seems to me far more interesting, and less laborious, to fit them into sentences and stories and articles than into little squares.

So far as I can see, the only difference between work and play is the financial consideration. Whatever you're paid for doing, and must do, is therefore work. Boys play baseball or football for sport, but I doubt whether many professional ballplayers find much pleasure in it. Everyone wants to travel, except traveling salesmen.

When I was a youngster, I used to hang around my father's newspaper office, begging for permission to write, but when I first drew a salary for doing it, writing became a job, and until I discovered that nothing else is as exciting and absorbing and productive of happiness as a job, I was as glad of my day off as the next man.

The unhappiest people I know are the idle people. I've seen them all over the world, chasing sunshine and currying favor with headwaiters. I've seen them at home, and at Algiers and Palm Beach and along the Riviera, planning silly little social diversions, worried sick over

From *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, by Channing Pollock. Copyright 1939, 1945, by the author, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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some fancied slight, petting their palates and stocking their wardrobes, trading scandals, nursing imaginary ills, going in for the pleasures of childhood or adultery—and bored stiff, every one of them!

Even people with cultivated interests, cultural interests, soon weary of idleness. I love taking a month or two off, and going to Paris or Port au Prince, but the satisfaction lies in the fact that this is a holiday, and will end. Once, I spent seven months wandering around the world, and the pleasantest thing I saw was my desk when I got back.

How many men do you know who were young and alert and well at 60, when they retired, and dull, crotchety old fellows a year afterward? Not necessarily men without interests, either. My best example is a professor of archaeology who yearned for quitting time, so that he could spend his days in museums. He's in Abyssinia at this moment—and trying to get a job at a freshwater college in Iowa!

I NEVER CAN UNDERSTAND why so many of us are actually afraid of work or regard it as something of which we should do as little as possible for as much as possible. Motoring along highways, one sees men leaning on picks or spades, loafing as busily as they can. Surely, their days must seem longer than those of their fellows who use spades as tools rather than props.

Hundreds of thousands are banded together, crying in chorus for a 30-hour week. What do they expect to do with the other 138 hours? They can't sleep any more than 60, and that leaves 78. They may have other plans, but to me 78 hours of doing nothing worth while seems the hardest work imaginable.

Seventy-eight hours of chasing a ball across meadows, or observing sex and sin in the movies, or reading newspapers and magazines, or doing all these things, would drive me to monoxide gas. I've spent most of my life trying to manage a 30-hour day, and if I haven't been happier than they'll ever be, I'm the lunatic who sat atop a milk bottle and thought he was an equestrian statue of George Washington!

Nobody ever did anything well, or got anywhere, without joy in his job, and that is as true of little jobs as of big ones. The colored porter on my train yesterday was at everyone's elbow, trying to discover new ways of being helpful.

"I thank you, and hope to have you again," he said when I laid a dollar bill in his hand. It was a generous fee, because he deserved it, but he told me, "Most folks are generous. I'm doing fine, and even if I wasn't I'd like the job because I like doing things for folks."

The porter of the day before that was surly; maybe he had a sick stomach or a sick wife. Anyway, *he* did the least he could, and when I left this first porter on the platform, he was making rueful efforts to jingle coins that weren't there.

It's amazing how quickly you can tell the man who gets more than wages out of his work from one who doesn't, and how consistently both will run true to form. When I noted the scowl on the face of that first porter, I knew my feet would stick through the bottom of the bed clothing that night—and they did.

It seems to me sometimes that America's greatest contribution to

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life was our conception of labor as something dignified and desirable for everyone. Abroad, there had been a laboring class and a class that didn't labor; here, we still speak of the laboring class, but the truth is that we have none other, and that the better a man's class, and position, and standing in the community, the harder he is likely to work. Out of that came our progress, our prosperity, equal opportunity, and democracy itself.

We can have neither progress nor prosperity, opportunity nor democracy, while any considerable number of us regard work as an enemy. But, what is more to the point, we shall find our dignity equally lessened, and our self-respect, and our pleasure in living.

There *are* dirty jobs, dull jobs, devastating jobs, but I think there can be few, even of these, that do not give *some* return outside of the pay envelope. It really must help to know that you're pulling your weight, doing your bit, and holding your place in the world—at least, it must help the man whose vision hasn't been distorted. And the man who doesn't find the job too dull or too devastating isn't likely to be held to it very long.

Almost every successful human being in this country started in a dull job, and so far as I can learn from reading biography, none of them found it dull, and none of them was wretched or resentful or ashamed. They were banking on themselves; playing a thrilling game; keeping one eye on the bolts, or the wastebaskets, and the other on the gold—not neccessarily material gold—at the foot of the rainbow.

One of the friends I understand best was a day laborer on Long Island. In the 33 years I knew him, he became a kind of field boss. At last, he told *his* boss: "I'm 65 years old, and I think I'll quit."

"Why, John," the owner said, "I thought *you* were the kind of man who dies with his boots on."

John looked ashamed of himself, and kept the job. A year later he had a stroke and was taken to a hospital, where his life terminated three weeks afterward. Nearly a month after *that*, John's son told the owner of the business, "Of course, father went entirely cuckoo at the end."

"Nonsense!" the boss exclaimed. "I saw him every day, and he was as sane as you are."

"You don't know," the boy answered. "Ten minutes before he died, the old man put his finger on the bell and kept it there till the nurse came. Then he yelled, 'Quick, nurse, I want my boots on!' She put 'em on, and he died that way."

When my time comes to die, I hope, like John, to die with my boots on . . . Meanwhile, here we are in St. Louis. I wonder whether the journey seemed as short to the ladies with the crossword puzzle.

Mind Over Matter

An open mind is fine—only be a little careful what you shovel into it. —*Pipe Dreams*

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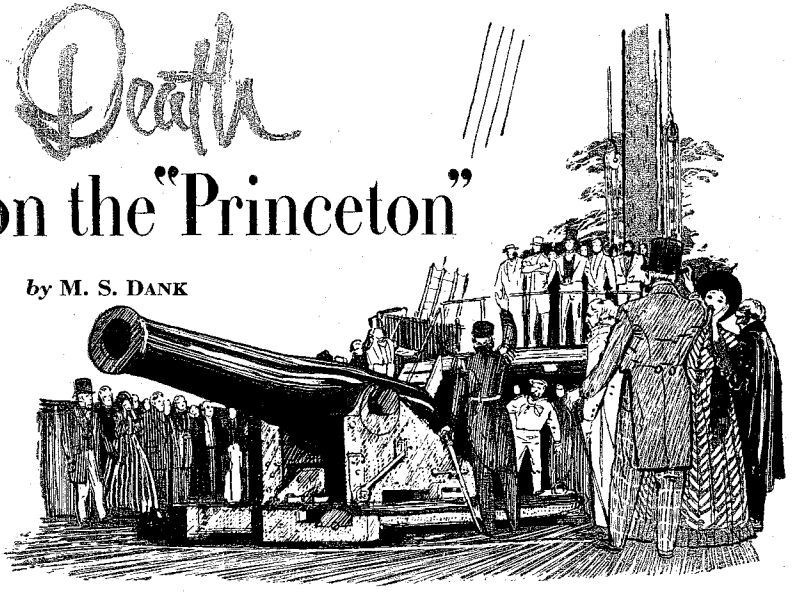
Death on the "Princeton"

by M. S. DANK



What started out as a gay, star-studded social event ended in tragedy on the Potomac

THE SUN ROSE over Washington on February 28, 1844, to find a city already astir with activity denoting an event of the utmost importance. Leading social figures were laying out their best finery. Congressmen, members of the diplomatic corps, high Army and Navy officials, and prominent citizens all were preparing to attend a reception aboard the *U. S. S. Princeton.* It had been looked forward to for weeks as the year's greatest social event, but by sunset a stunned city would be mourning it as one of the most terrible tragedies ever to strike the U. S. Government.

A few months earlier, America had announced to the world that its newest warship, the *Princeton*, would shortly join the fleet. The mighty 954-ton vessel was the latest in marine engineering. In place of the cumbersome paddle wheels of the time, the *Princeton* was driven by "an underwater wheel," developed by the naval genius, John Ericsson.

In addition to being the first warship to use a screw propeller, the *Princeton* possessed a fire power of almost incredible effect. It boasted twelve 42-pounder carronades and, more important, two long 225-pounders made of wrought iron. For their day, these two cannons were giants of destruction, firing shot that measured three feet in circumference.

When the *Princeton* dropped anchor in the Potomac early in February, its arrival was heralded with an enthusiasm that reached a new high for the Capital. A steady procession of small craft hovered about the vessel. But mainly, every eye

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turned toward the two huge guns. One was promptly named "Oregon"; the other, just as significantly, was called "Peacemaker."

For Capt. Robert Field Stockton and his crew, life in Washington was a round of parties and celebrations. The *Princeton* had been built under his supervision and eagerly he sought to demonstrate its tremendous firepower.

Twice Stockton sailed the warship down the Potomac with important government officials aboard. Repeatedly "Oregon" and "Peacemaker" sent their shells hurtling across the water in impressive demonstrations of accuracy and power. On one showing, almost the entire Congress was aboard.

At last Stockton decided it was time to repay Washington for its overwhelming hospitality. He planned a huge ball in the city to which virtually all Capital leaders would be invited.

Promptly a storm of protest went up. It would be unthinkable to hold the affair anywhere but aboard the vessel itself. Finally the commander yielded, and 400 invitations were issued for a reception and cruise down the Potomac, to be highlighted by a demonstration of the big guns. The date was set for February 28th.

Acceptances began to arrive promptly. President Tyler, along with members of the Cabinet, congressmen, and diplomats, expressed pleasure and promised to be aboard the *Princeton* when she sailed.

The reception was virtually the only topic of conversation, and a wave akin to hysteria swept Washington as political influence, diplomatic pressure, and even one or two bribes were employed in efforts to secure precious invitations. On the eve of the party, Stockton wearily wrote his wife: "Oh, that tomorrow were past and I could say that all is well!"

His was not the only uneasy premonition. A vivid augury also came to Julia Gardiner, daughter of Col. David Gardiner, a former New York State Senator. The widower President Tyler, despite his 54 years, had been courting the 24-year-old girl—so ardently, in fact, that on one occasion he ordered the Marine Band to serenade her.

On the morning of the 28th, Julia awakened and rushed to her father. She had just dreamed of being on a warship. Her description was that of the *Princeton* in every detail, although she had never seen it. During her dream, two white horses galloped across the deck toward her; their riders were skeletons. One of the horsemen turned its head, and instead of a skull it had her father's face.

Tearfully she begged the colonel not to attend the reception. Her dream, she insisted, was an omen of death, meant to warn her about her father.

Gardiner brushed off the dream as a product of excitement due to the great occasion. "Would you," he laughed, "give up the President's reception for that?"

Julia was finally persuaded to go. But when she arrived on the warship, she noticed the distraught face of another woman, Anne Gilmer, wife of the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy.

Anne also had had a dream of death and disaster the night before, and was beseeching her husband to

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leave the ship. Thomas W. Gilmer ignored his wife's pleas, somewhat embarrassed at such actions before so important a gathering.

THE DAY WAS PERFECT, a mild breeze stirring the flags and bunting, as President Tyler came aboard at noon and the *Princeton* got under way. Including the crew, she carried 516 persons.

For an hour the warship cruised down the Potomac. Reaching a wide part of the river where the firing of the big guns would take place, it was announced that the "Peacemaker" had been selected for the demonstration.

Promptly the crowd surged toward the cannon. Many adventuresome men clambered up the vessel's ropes; others stood on nearby carronades. The area about the gun itself was so crowded that several times members of the crew were forced to ask, "If you please, sir, a little more room for Jack."

Captain Stockton, his formal uniform gleaming in the sunlight, stood quietly near the gun while Lieut. William E. Hunt and a gunner took over the loading. Then the huge ball was rammed home.

When all was in readiness, Stockton gave the order to fire. With an eruption of flame and smoke, "Peacemaker" hurled the shot from its muzzle. Far down the river a series of splashes marked the bouncing passage of the shell.

A cheer went up, the band blared forth *Hail Columbia*, and all over the warship bits of animated conversation broke out concerning the immense range of the piece.

Led by President Tyler and the *Princeton's* skipper, the throng then moved below to the dining saloon. Crew members passed among the guests, proffering drinks and heaping trays of food. A round of toasts was offered to the new ship and its armament.

By now the *Princeton* was heading back toward Washington. Off Mount Vernon, "Peacemaker" was fired again and then most of the party retired once more for refreshments in the cabin.

Secretary of the Navy Gilmer remained behind to offer his congratulations to Stockton. So did a number of other dignitaries. Several of them urged that the commander fire the gun once more.

The Secretary, besieged by a volley of pleas, replied, "I think we should fire it again, Captain, if there is sufficient time."

Considering it an order, Stockton turned to Hunt and said, "Let's fire one last round, Lieutenant."

In the saloon below, the ship's clock was just striking 4 o'clock when a midshipman entered to report that "Peacemaker" was to be fired again.

President Tyler rose and, followed by most of those in the room, went up on deck, taking his place of honor to the left of the gun. His Negro servant, More, stood directly behind him. Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur moved alongside the President.

Gilmer was going up on deck when his wife Anne screamed shrilly, "No, Tom! Don't go near that gun!" While the embarrassed Gilmer shook off her grasp, someone, to ease the tension, began to sing an old Southern song.

The President turned to those near him. "When I was a young

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man," he said, "that was one of the most popular songs in Virginia. I prefer returning to the cabin and listening to it instead of seeing the gun fired."

He started toward the companionway, only about 100 of the guests remaining near the gun.

As he reached the passage, Tyler whispered something to his servant More. The servant returned to where Julia Gardiner was standing with her father. "Miss Gardiner," More said, "the President wishes you to join him."

Julia laughed self-consciously. "I suppose I'll have to obey orders," she declared coyly and went below.

COLONEL GARDINER smilingly called to Capt. Beverly Kennon of the Navy's Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Supply, who was standing with Virgil Maxcy, former chargé d'affaires to Belgium: "Captain, I fear that your Bureau's latest development doesn't interest the President nearly as much as my daughter does."

Captain Stockton once more took his place beside the gun carriage. Members of the crew joined hands in a semicircle around the cannon to make room for the gunner. The band stopped playing. Stockton raised his arm and brought it down with the command, "Fire!"

A sheet of flame burst from "Peacemaker's" mouth and the entire area was blotted out in dense smoke. But to observers clinging to the rope ladders, the explosion this time didn't seem quite as loud. Strangely, alongside the *Princeton* there appeared hats, bits of wood, and other debris.

The smoke began to clear, and through it Stockton could be seen staring dazedly at the cannon. His whiskers were burned off, his natty white pantaloons were now a sooty black. Thirty or forty persons were lying on deck, many of them unconscious. Senators Phelps of Vermont and Benton of Missouri both had been felled by the concussion. A young lady who had been standing between them was still on her feet. Her bonnet had been blown from her head, but the pink ribbons were still tied beneath her chin.

"Peacemaker" stood smoking, the left side of its breech gone. It had burst into several pieces, one chunk carrying 20 feet of bulwark into the water. Another piece, weighing a ton, crashed on Secretary of State Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, and Colonel Gardiner.

The three men lay in a welter of blood on the deck. Upshur already was dead, sprawled across the other two. The Colonel was still alive, gasping convulsively, the gun fragment pinning him and Secretary Gilmer to the deck. By the time members of the crew could heave away the heavy mass of metal, both men had died.

Not far away, the mangled body of Commodore Kennon lay across that of Maxcy, and a few yards beyond them, More, the President's servant, was huddled against the bulwarks. He showed no signs of injury, but died within an hour, probably from shock.

Two members of the gun crew were fatally injured and, all told, close to two score persons had suffered broken bones, burst eardrums, burns, and bruises.

Anne Gilmer was unharmed, but for the rest of the sad voyage the

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only words she spoke were, "Why would no one listen to me!"

The explosion had been heard in the President's cabin, but nothing unusual was thought of it until a disheveled guest burst in, shouting, "The Secretary of State is dead!"

Tyler sprang to his feet. Miss Gardiner dashed wildly for the companionway, crying, "Let me go to my father!"

As she reached deck a woman caught her arm. "My dear child, you can do no good. Your father is in heaven."

Julia screamed, "My dream—it was true!" and fainted.

The dead were left on the ship overnight, and then, in a solemn procession through the streets of a stunned Washington, were borne to the White House to lie in state. For days afterward the country could think of little save the tragedy.

JULIA GARDINER married President Tyler four months after the death of her father. For some time she was known not as the First Lady of the nation, but as one of the two women who apparently had been forewarned of the fate that befell the *Princeton* on that terrible day in 1844.

Sunday School Samplings

AN EARNEST young Sunday School teacher, seeking to inculcate the spirit of kindness and charity in her tiny charges, inquired: "Tell me, children, what is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"I know!" answered a tiny tike. "It's a girdle!" —JEROME SAXON

A VISITOR to a New York Sabbath school told the children about meeting a ragged little girl one winter day. When he questioned her she told a pitiful tale of a sick mother and young brothers and sisters without food. He gave her a silver dollar and followed to see what she would do with the money.

"Now what do you suppose was the first thing she bought with that dollar?" he asked.

Child after child ventured a guess but none proved correct. Finally a little boy sang out, "A basket!"

"Correct," said the speaker. "There's a boy who thinks. Now, son, tell us why it was a basket."

The boy hesitated, and the speaker took from his pocket a quarter. "I'll give you this," he said, "if you'll tell us what makes you think the little girl bought a basket first."

"Be-be-because," stammered the youngster, "I heard you tell the story over in Hoboken last Sunday."

—LEEWIN B. WILLIAMS,
Encyclopedia of Wit, Humor and Wisdom.
(Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

HOWARD WAS hearing the story of the flood for the first time. "And it rained and rained more than it had ever rained before, and Noah and his wife and family went into the ark and were saved."

The little fellow digested this information briefly and then asked: "And what did you do, Teacher?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

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the voice of CHURCHILL

EVERYBODY has always underrated the Russians. They keep their own secrets alike from foe and friend.

THE ONLY TEST by which human beings can judge war responsibility is Aggression; and the supreme, conclusive proof of Aggression is Invasion.

MORAL FORCE is, unhappily, no substitute for armed force, but it is a very great reinforcement.

WE CANNOT SAY "the past is the past" without surrendering the future.

WHATEVER ONE may think about democratic government, it is just as well to have practical experience of its rough and slatternly foundations.

IT IS A MISTAKE to look too far ahead. Only one link in the chain of destiny can be handled at a time.

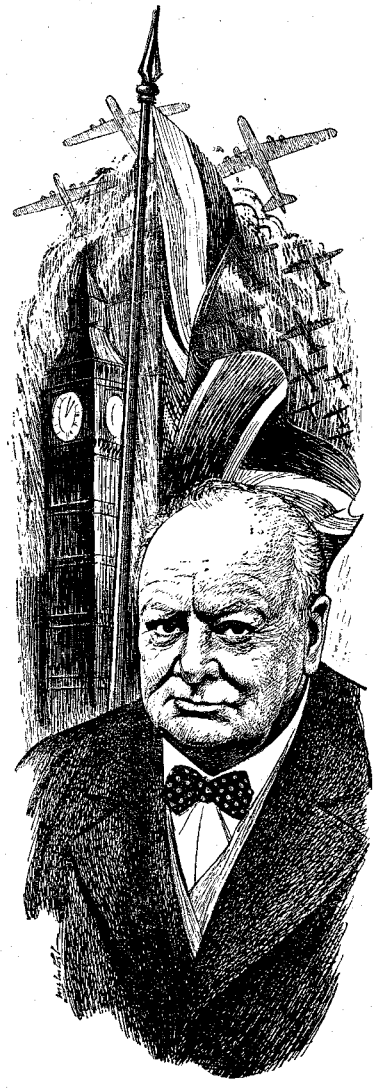
IT IS A FINE THING to be honest, but it is also very important to be right.

COURAGE IS rightly esteemed the first of human qualities, because . . . it is the quality which guarantees all others.

TRUTH IS incontrovertible. Panic may resent it; ignorance may deride it; malice may distort it; but there it is.

ELDERLY PEOPLE and those in authority cannot always be relied upon to take enlightened and comprehending views of what they call the indiscretions of youth.

AS LONG AS YOU are generous and true, and also fierce, you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her. She was made to be wooed and won by youth. She has lived and thrived only by repeated subjugations.



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LAWS OF THE Jungle

by FRANK BUCK

Violent death lurked in the mysterious back country of India, and it found its prey in a great man and a noble animal

IN THE MANY YEARS I have spent in the wild countries of the Far East, I have seen strange, fantastic things. It's a ruthless country, and as yet man has made little progress in conquering the overwhelming obstacles Nature has put in his path, or the savage animals that roam the great forests. Yet I often wonder just how far men themselves have progressed in civilizing that queer animal called Man . . .

I first saw Dick Arbuthnot when he had just come out to India from England. He stood six-feet-two, with hair so blond it always looked as though a ray of sunlight fell on it from the blue Indian sky. He had a laugh that rang like a bell across a gaily lit room, or warmed the cold moonlight if you heard it in a jungle clearing, as I later did.

I first heard that rollicking laugh in the barroom of the Grand Hotel in Calcutta. I asked Bill Corbin of the Consular Service, "Who is that young man?"

"It's Dick Arbuthnot," Bill replied. "You know the London Arbuthnots—grandfather in the Colonial Service, father a big man in the British Government—"

I nodded. "New here, isn't he?"

"Arrived this afternoon. Like to meet him?"

You couldn't help but want to meet that boy. He had everything—youth, good looks, an honored name. Whether his mind matched his outward bearing I didn't know at the time. I had seen offspring of honored names go to pot in one generation—which is where the human animal differs from his brothers of the jungle.

Arbuthnot came over on Corbin's arm and we shook hands.

"I once met your grandfather, the Colonel," I told him. "A great man. Knew India inside out."

From *Fang and Claw* by Frank Buck. Copyright 1935 by Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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"I wonder?" young Arbuthnot said, smiling. "I think perhaps he had the wrong slant."

It was my turn to smile. If any white man ever knew India, it was the old Colonel. Yet here was his 26-year-old grandson, just out from Oxford, questioning and skeptical.

"If you've talked with the Colonel," I said, "you know the story. Your country has spent years of work, millions of pounds, and the lives of a hundred thousand soldiers to bring India out of chaos. Yet I've heard your grandfather say that if the British got out tomorrow, within three months India would sink back into its old state. And after all this, there isn't one Hindu grateful for what Britain has done."

Arbuthnot looked at me queerly. "Grateful? No . . . That's what I meant about my grandfather having the wrong slant. I feel it's our mission."

"Mission?"

He nodded. "Mine, at least. I'm an engineer, you see. I feel that I can do something for this country, something big"—he spread his fine hands wide—"and that's the only reason I'm here."

I stared at him and smiled again at his youth. "Well, Arbuthnot, I certainly wish you luck . . ."

I DIDN'T SEE Dick again for two years. On my next trip to India, he was up in the interior of Nepal.

"What for?" I asked Corbin.

"He's got an idea," said Corbin, "of building a railroad across the Himalayas, from Tibet on down through Nepal to Calcutta."

I whistled softly. "It can't be done, Corbin. I know that country, and some of it's impassable."

"That's what Arbuthnot's gone to see about. And you know, I'd hate to say anything 'couldn't be done' where that boy's concerned."

"How is he standing the country?" I asked.

"Standing it? He was born for it. Honestly, I never before saw a man take to India—or India take to a man—as in Arbuthnot's case. The American Colony has gone for him hook, line, and sinker. The British think he's a wonder. But the natives—it's weird the way all classes and castes have accepted him. You know most of them have to kowtow to a white man—but they enjoy serving Dick Sahib, as they call him. His name's spread everywhere. I've never seen the like of it."

I went back to America without seeing Arbuthnot, but I began to feel the miracle of the man even there. I read in New York newspapers of his railroad. It was pretty far along—that is, the surveying and planning end—and the project was news. It began to look like a sure thing.

I crossed eastward on my next trip to India and heard stories of Arbuthnot all along the route—in Gibraltar, in Marseilles, in Port Said. And all Calcutta was talking about him when I got there.

"He's going to do it, Frank," said Corbin.

"I certainly hope so," I answered. "Where is he now?"

"Somewere up in the Himalayas, along the Tibet border. There's a tremendous gorge up there, and he's got to span it."

I was thinking of the rushing torrent that comes charging down through Nepal, flooded with melting snow from three of the world's

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highest crests, and then dashes through a great gorge cut by the centuries.

"If any man alive can do it," Corbin said, "Arbuthnot can."

I nodded. Yet I had only met the man once. "If he's up that way," I said, "I may see him. I'm going to Nepal after rhinos this trip."

I did see him. No sooner had I arrived on India's northern frontier when news reached me of the big camp that the great Dick Sahib had established. I definitely wanted to see Arbuthnot again. Something about the man fascinated me—his belief in himself, his faith in the people and the country, his "mission." I had a feeling he might have changed, that all the stories were somehow exaggerated or false.

That feeling went when I first laid eyes on him. He was standing in a clearing before camp headquarters, and sunshine fell through the jungle trees and lit his hair.

"Buck!" he cried. "I'm certainly glad to see you!"

We shook hands and he led me into his bungalow.

"Still feel the same about India?" I asked. "You've been here two years now—"

"Still the same," he said.

"And how's the railroad coming?" I asked.

His eyes lighted like twin blue candles. "Look!" he said.

On the table was a large architect's drawing of a bridge. It was sweeping, graceful, with an immense curve swinging grandly across the deep chasm.

"You can do it?" I asked.

"I'm going to do it!" he said.

He walked with me across the camp clearing and a little distance up the jungle trail. There we shook hands and said good-bye.

"The best of luck," I said.

"Thanks," he smiled. "Cheerio!"

I watched him start back toward camp. He strode like a young god, his wide shoulders swinging through the jungle, his feet treading boldly through the long grass. There was no limit to where this boy could go—perhaps some day he would be the greatest engineer of his time. His future was as wide as the earth. When his shoulders had disappeared in the jungle shadows, I turned and went on with my boys . . .

NEPAL IS A WILD COUNTRY. What news there is travels slowly. No railroads, no telegraph, and the only mail service is by runners.

On returning from Arbuthnot's headquarters, I had established a temporary camp near Bilgange and started preparations for my rhino hunt. Two days later a runner dashed into camp. "Doctor Sahib! Doctor Sahib!" he panted.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Oh, Sahib, I must get doctor quick!" he said. "Dick Sahib, he—"

I caught his arm so tightly that he cried out in pain.

"Dick Sahib—he walking through jungle—a cobra—oh, master, a shiny, little cobra—raised his head and struck—"

I gathered a few things quickly, called my head boy and started toward Arbuthnot's camp. I found Dick on a cot in front of his bungalow. His boys had carried him there and he was lying pale in the Indian sun, his hair tossed back and his eyes closed. He was dead.

I knelt beside him. For a moment I saw the picture of that great

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bridge, that sweeping mass of beautiful steel that now would never be built, for there was no other man who could carry on this "mission" of Arbuthnot's. I realized that, for years to come, the name of Dick Sahib would be spoken by Hindus with tender reverence—that the name of Richard Arbuthnot would be heard in Government offices, on hotel terraces, even in the deepest recesses of the jungles. The man was so great, so powerful, even in his unfinished youth, that I knew memories of him would linger long in India. They do to this day.

That cobra—that little cobra—had raised its head from the jungle grass and snuffed out the life of one of the world's most valuable men.

And all the world mourned.

I WAS IN COLOMBO one year before going into the interior of Ceylon. A friend, Tracy Hutchins, one of Ceylon's district officers, was talking elephants with me, for I was there to catch alive two males, rare in America where I intended to take them. Suddenly he motioned toward a small, pasty-faced man in a corner.

"Speaking of elephants," he said, "there's another man after them. Only he wants to shoot them. And a big tusker at that."

I looked at the hunter, dressed in expensive tailor-made whites. He was a small man, with quick, nervous hands, and little gray eyes set close together. He was talking angrily to the boy who had just brought his drink, and a hot flush came over his pasty face and his little eyes gleamed.

"He can't shoot a tusker," I said. "It's against the law."

Hutchins smiled sourly. "He's Sir Ralph Ringrose."

"Oh!" I said.

"He's come out with government permits and I've got to let him go ahead," Hutchins continued. "He wants to shoot a fine big bull, the biggest elephant he can find—for the thrill of it." Hutchins swore softly under his breath. "That puny little ironmonger—that's how he got his money, and his title—is going out and drop one of my big bull elephants. And there are not so many left as there used to be."

Hutchins loved the elephants in that district. One of his duties as D. O. was to protect them. The great pachyderms are so valuable an asset to Ceylon that they are guarded carefully. There is something fine about elephants—they're great workers, docile when tamed, gentle and affectionate creatures all the years of their working lives.

"Maybe he'll miss."

"Not that chap! He's sat on his estate in England and shot driven partridges for years!"

I carried Hutchins' thoughts with me when I went into the interior. It seemed pretty bad that this puny little nobleman could go into the jungle with a high-powered rifle in his weak hands and kill a bull elephant.

These giant herd leaders are very rare. They are, to my way of thinking, the most magnificent of all animals. I can think of no greater King of the Jungle than a magnificent bull elephant, his herd behind him, his head and trunk high, ready to charge with his five tons of power against any foe that may be threatening them.

I had seen the greatest of all

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Ceylon's bull elephants in such a position, many years before. His name in the jungle regions, a name given only to masters and lords and one he had borne for nearly 70 years—was Sahib. And he was a Sahib of that whole jungle—the greatest animal there, brave as a regiment of Gurkhas. All enemies ran when they heard Sahib's mighty trumpeting in the jungle.

As I remembered this great leader of elephants, he was still in the full vigor of life, and would go on for years breeding more and more splendid elephants. The natives from one end of Ceylon to the other never tired of telling stories of Sahib and his greatness, stories of combat in the jungle, stories of his wisdom and cleverness . . .

I WAS IN THE INTERIOR, 50 miles from Kandy, when the news came. It sprang from lip to lip, from village to village all across Ceylon. Sahib was dead.

"How did it happen?" I asked one of the natives. He looked at me, his eyes red and burning. "A man—a little man in white—he went out to shoot—he raised his rifle and fired one shot—one shot it struck Sahib in his brain and he lay down and die—"

For a moment I saw a picture of Sahib as I had seen him once, sunlight falling through jungle leaves on his magnificent gray body, his head and trunk high, ready to defend his herd. And I saw his many children up in the teak forests, and on the rice plantations, and in the Military Service, working for the good of man.

And yet a man—a little man, almost chinless and entirely useless; a man who probably had never done a single thing for the good of his fellows—had raised a rifle and with one shot snuffed out the life of one of the world's most valuable elephants.

And all the jungle mourned.

Ups and Downs

THE TIGHTLY PACKED elevator came to a rather unexpected stop at the fifth floor. When the door rolled open, the operator calmly announced, "Down!" to a waiting group of at least ten people. A gasp of consternation arose from the suffering occupants. Then a thin clear voice was heard from the rear, "It really seems there should be plenty of room, but I'm afraid someone is breathing again!" —JOAN KENDRICK

THE PRETTY GIRL elevator operator stood in the open door of her car, looking very unhappy. "Going up!" she called. "Anybody else going up? *Please*, won't somebody else go up?"

The car's lone occupant was a marine. —*Kreolite News*

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You Can't Get Away with Marital Infidelity!

by MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE
(Minister, Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass.)

"THIS IS THE LAST THING I ever expected would happen," the distraught young woman cried. "We were so careful. No one ever suspected. We avoided every pitfall that could have made it sordid or cheap. And now this!"

I knew well what she meant by "this." An hour before I had returned from the hospital accident ward. There lay the man dearer to Kathleen than life itself. With him were his wife, his grown daughter, and his teen-age son.

"But you've got to help me," Kathleen pleaded frantically. "I'll die myself if I don't see him!"

"The decision must be yours," I cautioned her, "but weigh it well. Whether or not he regains consciousness, how will you explain your presence? If you really love him, can you risk what knowing about you will do to his family?"

"But what about him? What about me?"

"Kathleen," I replied, "you say your relationship has not been sordid. Let's grant, for the sake of argument, that you have kept it from being cheap. So, keeping your secret may be the purchase price for something you claim is very dear."

Kathleen sat in numbed silence. "I see what you mean," she finally agreed, "but tell me, how can I stand it? We hid our affair—we hid every wonderful minute of it. But I can't hide this."

Thus fate foreclosed on the moral mortgage accepted by two people clever enough to enjoy borrowed intimacy—but not to foresee the inevitable result.

Are you considering such a mortgage? I ask this question bluntly. As a minister and personal counselor, I spend hours helping people pick up the pieces of lives which they have quite unintentionally smashed. Such moral bankruptcy is tragic because it is avoidable.

Infidelity, like debt, is seldom deliberately contracted. Instead, people drift into it much as we drift into a loan shark's clutches. "Do you need money? Well, come and get it." And we never find out until

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later what compound interest payments always involve.

"Do you need love? Well, take it where you find it. No one will know" —and we never discover until too late the hidden costs of every illicit affair. For infidelity is always costly. No matter how cleverly you conceal your affair, your mate inevitably suffers.

Sometimes the price your mate pays is hidden. It may be mutually hidden. "My wife and family are never to be affected by this," said a man who apparently was indulging in an extramarital affair so shrewdly as to be above suspicion.

"A man is a fool to let anything or anyone come between him and his family," he continued, echoing the typical adulterer's no-reason-why-I-can't-have-my-cake-and-eat-it-too opinion.

"You are sure your affair hasn't hurt your family?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Some time ago your wife came here," I told him. "Now get this straight. She did not know about your girl . . . then. She did not know what was wrong, but she was terribly troubled and upset."

"What did she say?"

"She was punishing herself cruelly for failing you. 'I don't know what's wrong,' she cried. 'No matter what we do or don't do at home, we never can please him any more. He snaps at the children. He constantly picks at me. But what really troubles me is what's happened to *us*. Why does he never touch me any more?' "

Shocked, this man sat in silence. "I had no idea," he admitted.

Then there is the mate who will not admit to anybody the fact that he or she knows that adultery is being committed.

"They say that the wronged one is always the last to find out," declared a woman whose concern for her four children made her hesitate to seek a divorce. "But that's not true. I've known from the start."

"Why don't you have it out with your husband?" I asked.

"I don't dare," she cried. "So long as *he* doesn't know that I know, I figure we can keep up a semblance of a home for the children."

"But what about you?"

"Well, it's pretty rough," she admitted. "But crazy as it seems, I don't want to lose Jerry. I keep telling myself that his heart interest won't last. I know he loves the children. I'm pretty sure he is even fond of me. And they say if you just ignore these infatuations, they wear themselves out."

"But if what 'they say' is not true in this case?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "Nor do I know how I'll stand it if people start to talk."

Thus one woman tallied the terrible toll paid by countless wives who, though betrayed by a roving mate, enroll in the league of silent sufferers rather than brand themselves and their families with the shame of a mate's faithlessness.

Concealed or not, the cost remains. No matter how you kid yourself, the basic theorem of moral economics does not change. Somebody always pays.

A school principal called me to his office not long ago. "I wonder if it would help if you talked to the sixth-graders before classes begin today," he asked. "You know, this mess about Jack's mother broke all

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over town last night. Children can be very cruel. What can we do to protect Jack?"

A 16-year-old girl became hysterical during a discussion of boy-girl relations at our church youth camp last summer. "I hate my father!" she burst out after many hours of private counseling. "All the kids know what he did. So now they take it for granted that I'm an easy mark."

The blight of scandal, the indignity of pity, the barbs of ridicule are what infidelity costs the adulterer's child. But is this the only price that the child must pay?

A highly respected businessman sought my help for his 18-year-old daughter who was becoming involved with a married man. "Try to talk sense into her," he begged. "She just doesn't know what she is letting herself in for. Or what she's letting him in for, either."

"Why don't *you* tell her," I asked, "or go straight to the man?"

"I can't," he confessed in a voice full of self-loathing. "Don't ask me why, but I can't. At least, I'm not that much of a hypocrite."

The cost to social foursomes ruined by husbands who "work late at the office" night after night, and to neighborhood clubs by wives who constantly care for "sick relatives in the next town," is nothing, however, when compared with the price paid in shock and sorrow by friends who discover a hidden affair.

Mark and Eva were discreet. They never risked idle gossip. They always met by prearranged plan in a neighborhood where neither was known. Sometimes they would park Eva's car and take Mark's for their few hours together. Sometimes it would be Eva's car. Their absence from their respective homes was always well-covered. Not a soul who knew either even speculated about clandestine meetings.

That very fact is why the sudden knowledge of their double-living came as such a shock to all who knew them. "It just pulls the props right out from under you. If a guy like Mark can be that two-faced who on earth can be trusted?" gasped Mark's closest friends when they read the lurid headline: "Gas Truck Crashes Love-Tryst Car!"

"It's unbelievable" said Eva's friends. "It makes you feel there isn't anything decent or fine that you can have faith in any more."

IRONICALLY, THE deeper and more genuine a case of illicit love, the greater its cost. For it is not the predatory philanderer of either sex, but the sensitive, sincere lover who is most vulnerable to hurt.

If you are a man involving a woman, consider the price you are exacting from one to whom, at best, you are giving only what you have left over after you have given your wife your name, primary loyalty, and support. Ask yourself how she feels as you make love to her with one eye on her and the other glancing around to make sure no one sees you entering that restaurant or hotel. Ask her about those moods and tantrums which you shrug off as woman stuff—about what she thinks night after night in the awful loneliness of her own room.

The price billed against a man in a triangle is a bit different. Whereas frustration and futility are the burdens a woman bears, nagging, relentless fear is the price a

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man pays. So don't think that "it is always the woman who pays."

Sometimes men pay the "easy" way—by living in fear of blackmail. "How could I have been such a fool!" moaned a professional man who stole a few romantic hours with a casual, money-hungry pickup at a convention.

More often, however, you pay the hard way—by living out your whole life in the fear of accidental discovery. "Talk to her, won't you? She is threatening to go to my wife. It isn't for myself I'm asking it, but it would just kill my wife." Thus a score of men have begged me to prevent tragedy.

"I'm truly sorry for you and your wife," I have replied, "but what about your obligation to this woman? Is she supposed to pay all the cost of your affair?"

"But I never intended that Barbara would get so mixed up emotionally," one man explained recently. "From the very first, I told her I would never consider a divorce. I didn't mislead her."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"Well, she's gotten out of hand. She says she can't live without me. It's all beyond me, and I don't know how to make the final break. I'm no cad. I just can't ditch her the way most men would."

"Why not?" I persisted.

"Oh, I might as well tell you. She's threatened to kill herself!"

That evening, when I talked with Barbara, there was much that she could see for the first time, too. What she saw, she put into some pretty strong words.

"You're not only a cad," Barbara confronted her ex-lover, "but you're a coward! As for your family 'coming first,' that's a lie. Your family doesn't come first with you. Nor do I. Nor has anyone else in your life. *You* come first with yourself. You take what you want, when and where you want it. Then you hide behind your family's skirts."

As Barbara learned, infidelity didn't pay off—not even for the thick-skinned man who inspired her outburst. How many people have ever added up the costs of unfaithfulness? To judge from my experience—and the divorce records—regrettably few.

Cheapened respect, lost friends, disillusioned children, fear-shadowed nights and nerve-racking days—those are the inevitable price which Lotharios and their female counterparts must pay. Nor can that price be shifted onto another.

While two persons are physically required to commit adultery, there is nevertheless only one who inevitably must assume responsibility. Don't, for the sake of your future peace and happiness, be trapped by the pitfalls of marital infidelity!

It's a Woman's World

WHEN A MAN IS BORN, people ask, "How is the mother?" When he marries, they exclaim, "What a lovely bride." And when he dies, they inquire, "How much insurance did he leave her?"

—*Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Bulletin*

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TAXES! TAXES! TAXES!

WIFE TO HUSBAND: "Dear, there's a man from the Eternal Revenue Department here to see you!"

ONE MORE TAX BOOST and it will be difficult to find anyone with more money than brains.

PSYCHIATRIST to patient: "When did you first discover that you enjoyed paying your income tax?"
—*Wall Street Journal*

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY are soon parted. The income tax does it for the rest of us.

NOTHING DEFIES the law of gravity except taxes. —HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

INCOME TAX: The fine for reckless thriving. —PATRICIA HARVEY

ALMOST EVERY TIME Congress sets out to cut expenses, the knife slips and trims the taxpayer.
—CINCINNATI *Enquirer*

THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER lives for the day when the only thing left that Washington can bring under control is taxes. —O. A. BATTISTA

THE TEACHER was giving her second-grade pupils an oral quiz and asked Johnny the total of ten and ten. He promptly responded, "Twenty-two." Before the teacher had a chance to correct him, another member of the class piped up, "That's wrong—there isn't any *tax* when it's just arithmetic!" —MARY ALKUS

THE INCOME TAX was originally designed especially for the rich, but now it has lost a lot of that original snob appeal.
—*Changing Times* (The Kiplinger Magazine)

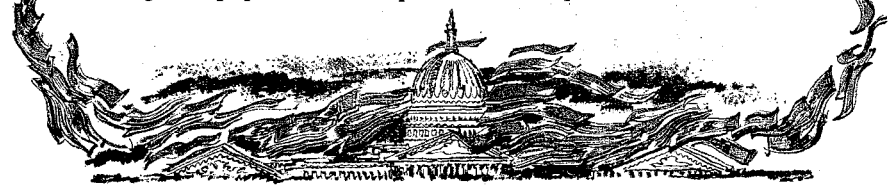
A MILD LITTLE MAN walked into the local internal-revenue office, sat down, and beamed on everyone in sight.

"What can we do for you?" asked the collector.

"Nothing, thank you," replied the little man. "I just wanted to meet the people I'm working for."
—*Cape Argus*

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND the difference between direct and indirect taxes," a puzzled wife told her husband.

"It's about the same thing," he explained briefly, "as you asking me for money, and going through my pockets at night when I'm asleep." —*Gas Flame* (Indianapolis)



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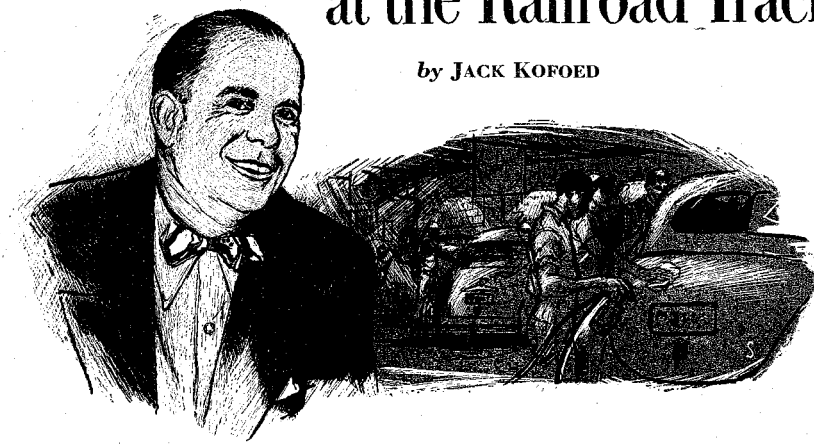
"Johnnie & Mack at the Railroad Track"

by JACK KOFOED



Everyone in Miami knows Johnnie Feller and his assembly-line service for motorists

THE BEST-KNOWN business names in Miami are Burdine's, and Johnnie & Mack's.

Burdine's is one of the handsomest department stores in America. "Johnnie & Mack at the railroad track (the world's largest, and that's a fact)," paints automobiles, makes seat covers and car tops, and handles a variety of other motor chores in 13 unhandsome buildings that sprawl along Northeast and Northwest 20th Street.

The business was organized and bottle-nursed to success by Johnnie Feller, a good-humored little man with the look of an ex-featherweight champion who has put on excess poundage since quitting the ring.

Johnnie was born in Palestine 52 years ago. He has no pretensions to social prestige, and little formal education. All he knows about merchandising and advertising he learned through personal successes and failures. Yet, by keen observation and the stubbornness of a bulldog, he built a firm that grosses $1,750,000 a year, spends $170,000 on advertising, employs more than 200 people, and is known to every citizen in Miami.

Johnnie's success is predicated on three fundamental principles. First, give customers more than their money's worth, and satisfy them in every detail. Second, carry on a continuing advertising program. Third, maintain an employer-employee relationship so cordial that it keeps the staff doing its best every hour of every day.

Feller learned his success formula the hard way. As a youth, he started

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a men's clothing business in New York, prospered, and got married. Then the business folded in 1924.

The idea of working for someone else did not appeal to the energetic, ambitious boy, so in 1925 he went to Miami. The real-estate boom was at its height: every man would become rich. Johnnie took a selling job, and soon his commissions amounted to $400 a day. That did it. Finding two partners, he purchased 80 acres and started a subdivision. Within a few months the real-estate boom burst, and he was broke again.

In 1927, Johnnie returned to New York with an idea—to sell automobile seat covers by mail for $9.95. Covers of varying quality were being offered at $15 to $50, and his determination to undersell many established competitors meant production on a scale that seemed beyond him.

Feller started with two workmen and a small workroom that cost $10 a week. Within two months he had taken over ten rooms. Within a year, he was offered $100,000 for the business, and a salary to run it. He turned down the bid, and expanded until he boasted four floors on Fifth Avenue, 12 retail stores, and an interest in a Massachusetts factory.

Seat covers—nothing but seat covers! He was selling in 48 states, and planned to invade South America. He created ideas, nursed them to maturity, kept his fingers in every boiling pot on the stove. What happened was inevitable. In 1929, Johnnie suffered a nervous breakdown. Since no one was qualified to take over his duties, the business collapsed, too.

It was a long, hard pull getting back to health again, but he made it. Then he took to the road, selling seat covers through tie-ups with local filling stations.

Feller traveled much of the East and did very well, but his wife Bess, who was growing tired of a nomad existence, protested. She wanted a home, a place of her own, and how could you have one when you lived like a gypsy?

Johnnie became weary of the grind, too. He had pleasant memories of Miami. They went there in 1932. Feller bought a bench and sewing machine, rented space in Rubin's garage, hired a fellow named Kibo Thomas to make seat covers, and went among the citizens of Miami to sell them. Kibo, who had been earning $15 a week, soon was getting $100, at $3.50 for each set turned out. Feller had to hire additional help.

Garage owner Rubin watched these goings on with amazed eyes. He employed a metal worker and a painter, but there was little for them to do. Recognizing that his tenant was a salesman of parts, Rubin offered ten per cent for any paint or body jobs brought to him. The first week, Feller averaged ten such jobs a day.

HAVING THE FEEL of the town, Feller now decided to go into business for himself, and, joining with a Ford agency man named Charles McConnell, opened "Johnnie & Mack's."

Virtually all their work was for dealers, and it kept 21 men busy. McConnell, however, decided to give up the venture, and after three months Johnnie purchased his in-

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terest. Then he decided to deal directly with the consumer.

The change-over was made in typically flamboyant Feller style. His bank account showed a total of $175, but his credit was good. He contracted for $1,000 worth of Sunday ads in the *Herald* and the *News*, and for spot announcements on the radio, offering a guaranteed auto paint job for $9.95. This price would net him a loss of $7 on each car, but he figured that as promotion costs.

Monday morning, Johnnie drove to his plant. Two blocks away, he was caught in a horn-tooting traffic jam. A policeman explained the tangle by saying: "Some darned fool has offered to paint autos for $9.95, and he ain't even here yet!" Feller parked in frantic haste, and soon had his 21 employees doing nothing but writing tickets that entitled impatient motorists to have the cut-price job done later.

That was 17 years ago. Each year since then, business has increased; each year, more space and more employees are required. Yet Johnnie keeps up a continual hunt for new ideas that will further expand an expanding business.

During his anniversary month of August, he presents a split of champagne to each customer. In 1951, the handout amounted to more than 300 cases of 24 bottles each. Then Feller opened a snack bar, with free sandwiches and soft drinks for all comers.

He added a variety of gifts—a pillow with each upholstery order, polish for a newly painted car, a wash job if you had an auto undercoated. Last year, Johnnie thought up another idea. He gave away a certificate guaranteeing repainting if a hurricane spoiled a job that had rolled off his line.

In Johnnie's book, the customer is always right, for Feller values good will more than anything else. No matter how unfair a complaint, it is given courteous consideration. His prices are generally a third less than at most places, and every job is guaranteed.

That the Feller plan has found acceptance is proved by the fact that in a year he turns out 15,400 paint jobs, better than 15,000 seat covers, 2,300 tops, and countless other items. In most cases, a customer can leave his car at Johnnie & Mack's in the morning and get it by five in the afternoon. A courtesy bus takes him downtown to his work, and back to the shop.

HOW DOES JOHNNIE sell a baked paint job for $29.95, compared with the $50 or more asked by most other firms? The secret lies in assembly-line methods. When an automobile is brought in, it is routed through various departments, where trained men handle a series of specific jobs, from cleaning to painting. Altogether, 13 operations are performed, and an average of one car every five minutes passes through their capable hands.

The same methodical procedure is used in other departments, with a minimum of lost motion. Handling seat covers are four teams of six men each. Each man has a single operation to perform—taking out old covers, measuring, cutting, sewing, cleaning car interior, or replacing cushions.

There is another factor in Johnnie's success that is not apparent to

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the casual observer but is probably the most important of all. Employees have caught the spirit and boundless energy of their employer. More than 50 have been with him for a decade or more.

Feller pays higher salaries than are common for comparable jobs elsewhere in Florida, and takes care of insurance premiums himself. There is a Federal Union Loan Fund for emergencies; 15-minute breaks at ten and four each day, when the men can take time out to smoke and chat.

Having long ago learned the secret of success, Johnnie will continue giving people more for their money than they can get most places. He has succeeded so well in publicizing this fact that he has 5,000 out-of-state customers who wait to reach Miami before having needed work done.

Feller has had several chances to move to better locations, but has refused each time. He'll tell you it is because his trade mark, "Johnnie & Mack at the railroad track," makes it imperative that he stay by a railroad. Don't let that fool you. He has a deep-rooted superstition. It concerns the number 74.

He opened his first store at 74 Canal Street in Manhattan—and the nerve center of his Miami enterprise is 74 Northeast 20th Street. It seems that Johnnie Feller, like everyone else, is entitled to enjoy a few human weaknesses.

The Story of a Worm

A FEW YEARS AGO I spent a number of months living in the woods. One late afternoon I was seated beside a rushing, tumbling stream, with my back against a large gum tree. I was trying to find myself after a business wreck which had taken everything I possessed; that is, everything of financial worth. Like most men, I had considered success only from the point of view of the dollar mark.

As I sat lazying the time away, my eyes spied a worm about an inch long working its way toward a small tree at my feet. I watched the worm start up the tree. The tree was not large, but it was huge in comparison with the worm.

I watched the worm start at the base of the tree, and without hesitation or fear begin its long climb. There was no apparent doubt that it knew where it was going. Whenever it met an obstacle, it reared back and looked up, and either went around or over it. Once, when it met a rough piece of bark, it took an extra hump and pushed itself along. Twice it lost its footing and fell back a little, but it hung on and soon regained lost ground. On and on it climbed until it became a tiny speck, and reached its goal on a branch some 20 feet above me. Not once did it look back or down, always upward.

I made up my mind that, henceforth, if anyone called me a worm, I would like it.

—EVERETT W. HILL in *Morton Messenger*

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Picture Story

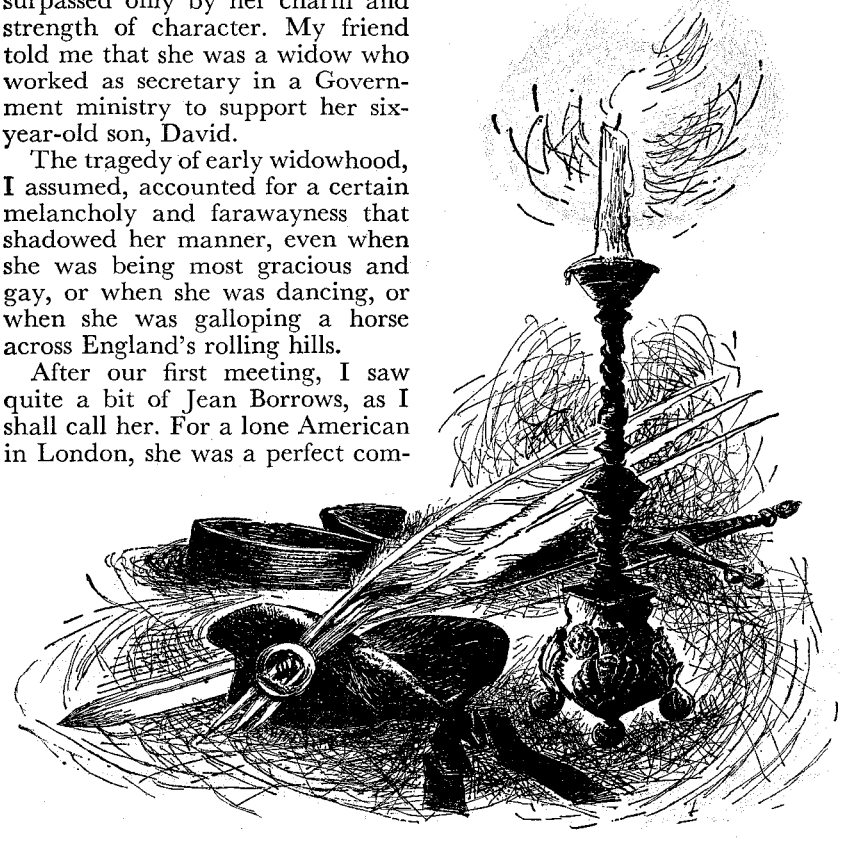
The Woman Who Married a Ghost

by JOHN STUART MARTIN

ONE WEEK END several years ago, when I was visiting an old friend at his country place outside London, I met a fair-haired young lady whose physical beauty was surpassed only by her charm and strength of character. My friend told me that she was a widow who worked as secretary in a Government ministry to support her six-year-old son, David.

The tragedy of early widowhood, I assumed, accounted for a certain melancholy and farawayness that shadowed her manner, even when she was being most gracious and gay, or when she was dancing, or when she was galloping a horse across England's rolling hills.

After our first meeting, I saw quite a bit of Jean Borrows, as I shall call her. For a lone American in London, she was a perfect companion. We went to plays and concerts. We danced at the Savoy. She took me for week-end visits with her country friends. But a cold reticence seemed to surround her personal



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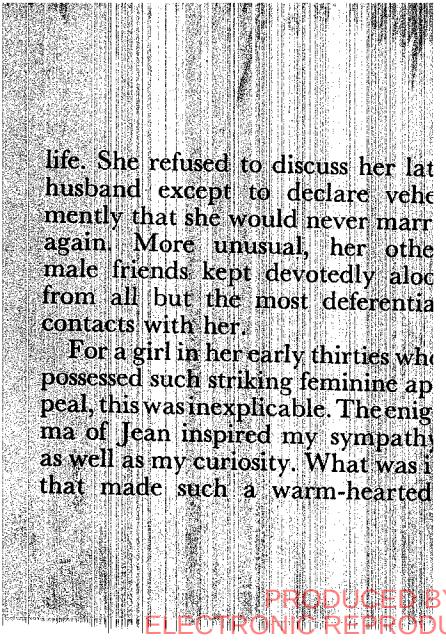

life. She refused to discuss her lat
husband except to declare vehe
mently that she would never marr
again. More unusual, her othe
male friends kept devotedly aloc
from all but the most deferentia
contacts with her.

For a girl in her early thirties wh
possessed such striking feminine ap
peal, this was inexplicable. The enig
ma of Jean inspired my sympathy
as well as my curiosity. What was i
that made such a warm-hearted

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spirited girl so strange and isolated?

My host, the man who introduced us, finally unbent and told me the story. A half-dozen years before, Jean Borrows had been one of those girls who considered that Heaven is populated exclusively by horses. They were her passion. Riding to hounds was her whole life.

She broke and schooled colts on her father's small estate and paced them at meets with breakneck speed and abandon. So obsessed was she with horses that she had no time for men, considering them merely creatures who rode and handled horses—occasionally better than women did. She could take them or leave them, so long as they omitted talk of romance and stuck to horses. But she would never marry, she said repeatedly, so long as she lived.

A crowning event in Jean's intense young life was an invitation to ride with a celebrated pack of stag hounds at a baronial estate in Scotland. She took her own finest horses and urged them across steep banks and wide Scottish burns like a woman possessed, dazzling the somber Scots with her daring.

When the hunt was over, Jean's host and hostess gave a ball that packed their great, oak-beamed hall with laughing guests in festive silks and colorful tartans. Dozens of suitors swarmed about the English girl, whose bright gaiety overshadowed the more reserved conduct of the local Scottish young women.

As midnight approached, one impulsive Scot reminded Jean that tonight was Halloween when, according to old belief, strange things happen in Scotland. The dead may return for their hour, and even com-

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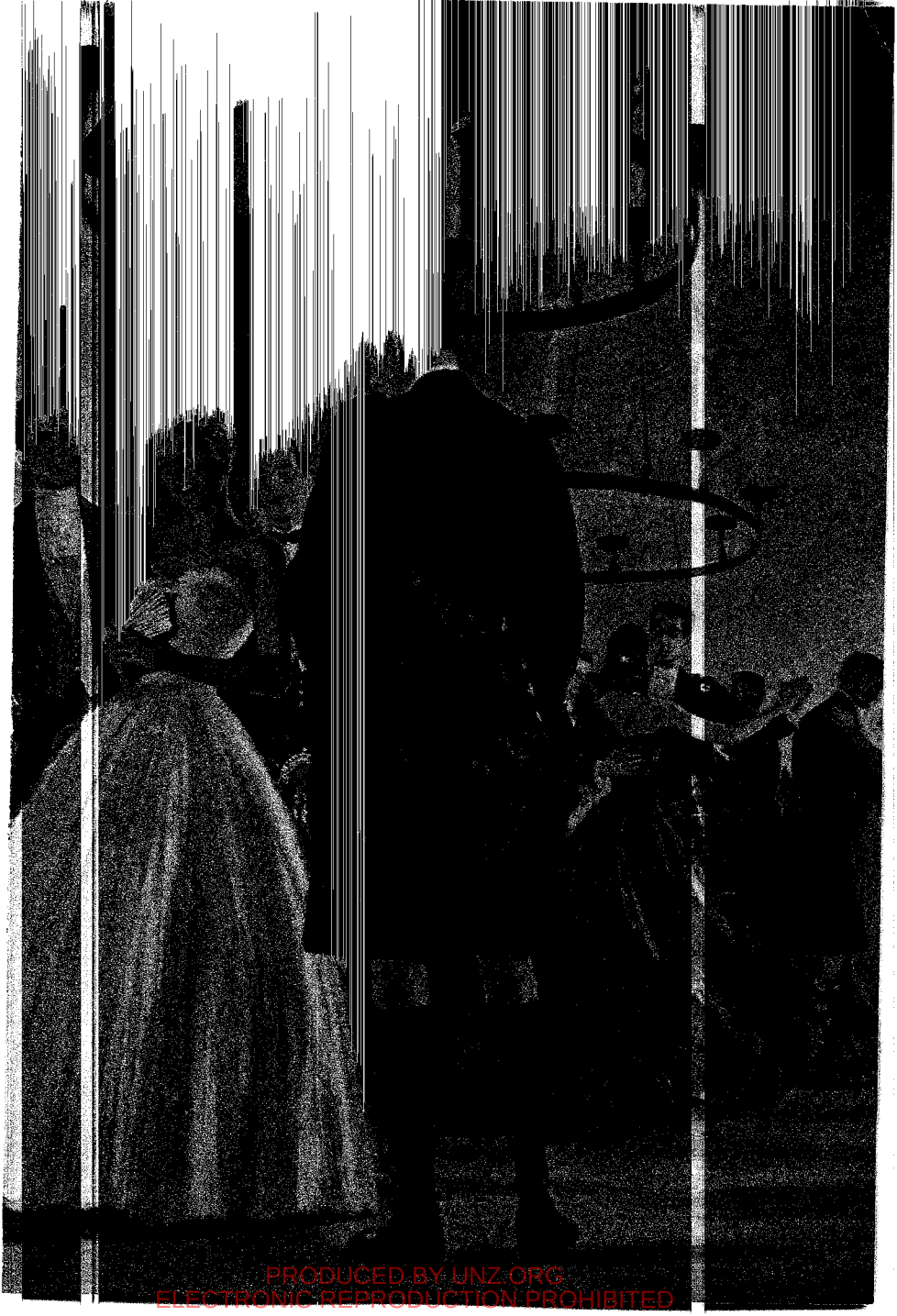

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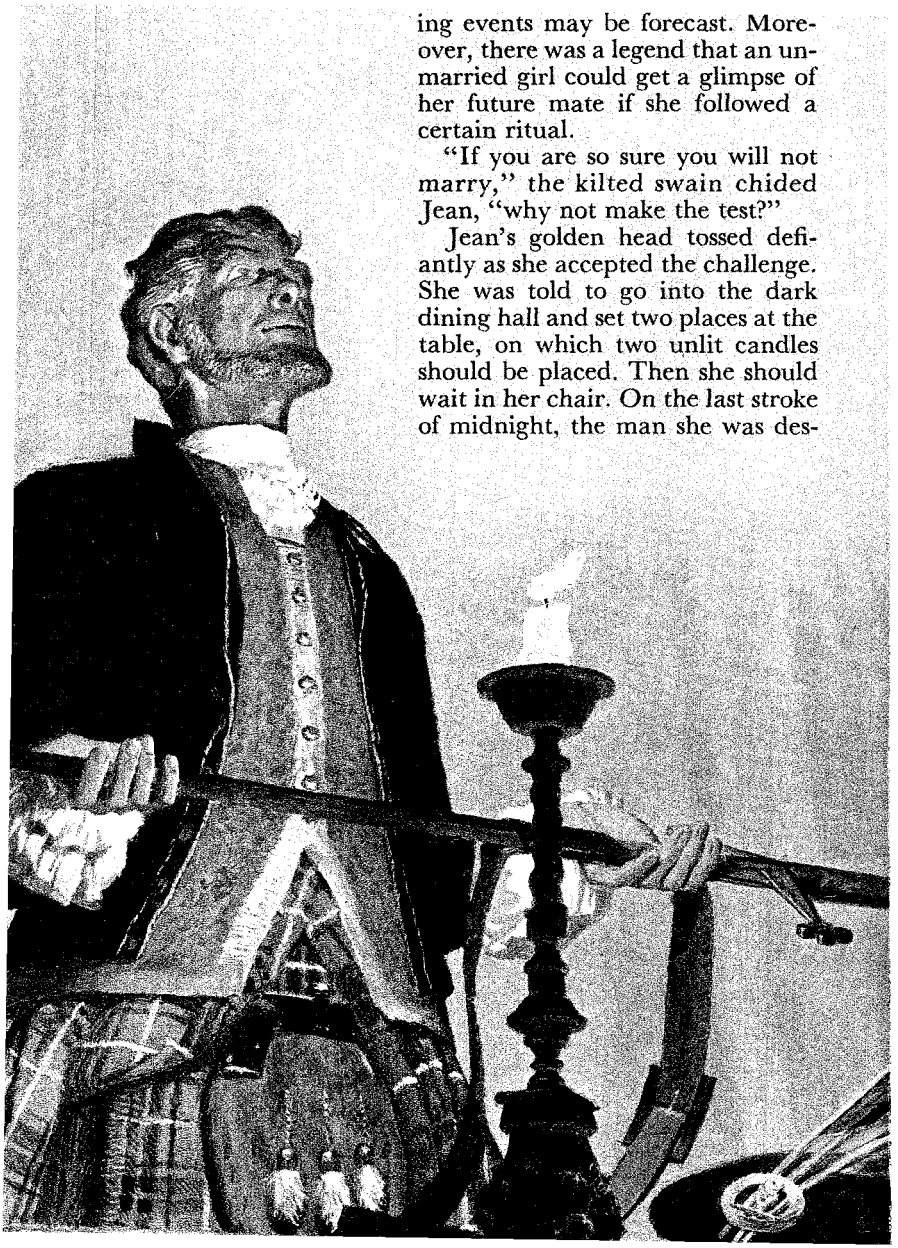

ing events may be forecast. Moreover, there was a legend that an unmarried girl could get a glimpse of her future mate if she followed a certain ritual.

"If you are so sure you will not marry," the kilted swain chided Jean, "why not make the test?"

Jean's golden head tossed defiantly as she accepted the challenge. She was told to go into the dark dining hall and set two places at the table, on which two unlit candles should be placed. Then she should wait in her chair. On the last stroke of midnight, the man she was des-

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tined to marry would appear to sit beside her.

"Fetch me a candle," Jean demanded. "And I'll take a riding crop, too, in case someone tries to play the clown." Then she walked boldly down the winding staircase and into the darkness of the dining hall below.

The guests returned to their dancing until the music paused and twelve strokes boomed slowly from the castle bell. Minutes later, the bright-cheeked English girl reappeared. Her eyes sparkling, she snatched a wine goblet from her challenger.

"Here's to witches' craft!" she cried. "That for your witches!" and she dashed the glass to the floor.

Later, Jean drew her hostess aside to tell what had really happened below. As she watched in the dark, a gust of wind blew across the room. Startled, Jean retreated behind a screen in one corner, for she heard heavy footsteps. Suddenly a light was struck—but not with match or lighter. A tall figure was reviving the candles with flint and steel!

The dancing flame illuminated a handsome young man with thick rough hair and short, blond beard. He wore centuries-old Highland dress. The bonnet he threw wearily on the table bore three eagle's feathers, showing his rank as a Highland chieftain.

The visitor slowly unslung from between his shoulders a two-handed, two-edged sword—a fighting Scotsman's claymore—dropped it beside his bonnet, and sank into the chair which Jean had drawn up beside her own.

"An ill nicht tae be oot the nicht," he moaned, his head in hands. "An ill nicht . . . an ill nicht . . ." As she held her breath, Jean faintly heard dance music drifting from upstairs. She was very much alone with her silent visitor.

The young Scotsman's eyes swept the room, stopping to rest for a

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moment on the screen behind which Jean had hidden. Then he uttered a melancholy sigh, stood up, and pulled the still-dripping plaid about his shoulders. After fitting the eagle-feathered bonnet on his head, he looked down for a moment at the claymore. Then he caressed it briefly with his fingers. Furling the plaid about his chest and neck, the handsome young stranger then strode through the open castle door and disappeared from sight. Jean heard the portal clang shut behind him.

Jean's hostess all but pulled Jean downstairs to the dining hall. There, as Jean had said, lay a claymore, its handle worn smooth by use. And on the stone flagging behind the chair was a puddle of water, from which wet footprints led to the door.

Next day, an antiquarian was called secretly to the castle. He examined the sword carefully and pronounced it a fine old weapon, dating from the 16th century.

More mystified than ever, Jean's host and hostess promised they would mention her experience to no one. But all agreed the claymore should be hung by the hearth in the dining hall. "Just in case," as Jean said, "the poor man should ever come back for it some day—or some night."

Almost a year later the noble Scottish couple received a letter that vastly surprised them. Jean wrote to inform them that she was going to be married. The young man of her choice was a quiet, bookish chap named David, who was working as an economist in the Ministry of Agriculture. Descended from old stock, David traced his ancestors to the days before there was a Great Britain.

Although David knew and cared nothing about horses and hunting, Jean admitted she was sublimely happy. The lady of the castle sat down at once to pen an invitation. Jean and David, she insisted, must spend their honeymoon with them in the Highlands.

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Sometime after their wedding, Jean and David set off for the craggy old Scottish castle. It was a stormy autumn day when the closed carriage labored up the last steep glen to the great doorway. Jean sprang into the arms of her hostess, while David lingered to help with the luggage.

"Do you realize what night this is, Jeanie darling?" her friend asked in a low voice. "Tonight is Halloween—and a much happier one, this time, I'm sure."

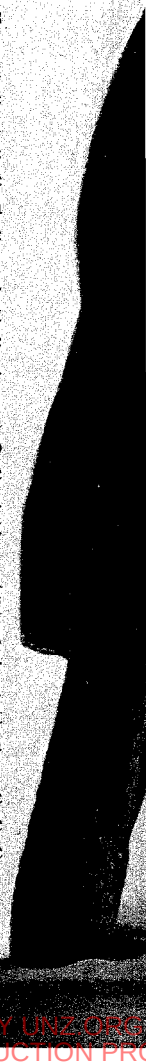
Jean stiffened. "Oh, please, hush! Don't breathe a word of that. I've never told a soul what happened that night, not even him." And she turned to find David shaking the rain from his greatcoat. Jean reached out a hand, to introduce her husband to their hostess.

But David stood as though hypnotized. He looked not at Jean but through her. He was staring into the inner hall and across it at the closed doors of the castle dining hall.

Moving slowly, like a man in a trance, David stalked past the two women and walked straight to the closed doors. Turning their carved knobs, he disappeared into the dark chamber.

Jean and the lady looked at each other in bewilderment. They heard David's footsteps on the stone floor, and then, the clink of metal. Suddenly David appeared before them. They saw that over his greatcoat and between his shoulders he had slung the ancient sword.

Now he looked straight before him, out of the castle portal into the stormy night. His eyes glazed, he



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walked slowly past them. "An ill nicht tae be oot the nicht . . . An ill nicht . . . an ill nicht . . ."

The familiar words from David's thin-drawn lips transfixed both women. As he passed, Jean called out desperately. But the man continued his silent march to the doorway, his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the black night beyond.

When David had disappeared, Jean and her hostess clung to each other for a mute moment. Then both rushed outside. The stone parapet was empty. From the castle's front wall dropped a ragged gorge, at the bottom of which boiled an icy torrent.

Men with lights searched the gorge, and the larger glen into which it led down the mountain. But the tumbled rocks and the rain-swollen streams yielded no sign, no body. The man called David had simply vanished into that stormy Halloween night.

When Jean's son was born, she named him David. Thus far he has had a normal life, although what—if anything—she has told him about his father is a question I frequently ponder. Was he sired by a ghost? To see young David, you would scarcely think so.

Meanwhile, her friends quite understand why Jean has resumed her maiden name and why she will never remarry. Jean Borrows she once was, and so she still remains. Since her marriage several years ago, she has been wedded to one of the strangest memories that the world has ever known.

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Ed Sullivan: TV's Miracle Man

by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

His astonishing popularity as a master of ceremonies belies all the rules for show-world success

THE PREREQUISITES for success in show business usually are these: unending capacity for hard work, reasonably good looks, and above all, talent. Yet one of the biggest names in television today is strikingly deficient in all three.

Ed Sullivan, m. c. of the weekly CBS variety show, "Toast of the Town," is 49 years old and freely admits it, is not especially handsome and admits that too, and has absolutely no talent as an entertainer, a fact which he is the very first to admit.

"I can't sing, dance, tell jokes, tumble, juggle, or train wild animals," Sullivan recently remarked. "Also, I'm lazy."

Nevertheless, Sullivan's name today is magic enough to cause about 13,600,000 watchers to flock about their TV sets each week, tuning in the 37 stations which transmit his show to the far corners of the nation. This audience has been growing steadily for more than four years, for "Toast of the Town" has been winging along the cables, week in and week out without a break, since June 28, 1948. It is a faithful audience, too. Uncounted millions crowd the many benefits, specially staged shows for worthy and public-spirited causes, and personal appearances which the self-styled "lazy" Sullivan makes on the average of once a week.

Actually, Sullivan does have a talent of a very special kind. He has a kind of radar set built into his personality which enables him to spot the fresh, the intriguing, and the potentially popular. Perhaps no other TV show has as many "firsts" to its credit as his. "Toast of the Town" was the first TV show to have a chorus line; to

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present Margaret Truman; to introduce celebrities from the audience; to do short biographies of people like Oscar Hammerstein II, Helen Hayes, and Robert E. Sherwood; to feature great European stars like Moira Shearer; and to go out into the hinterlands and telecast from various cities along the coaxial cable.

Sullivan also was the first TV showman to present such performers as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope, Sam Levenson, Victor Borge, Faye Emerson, Jackie Gleason. All of these quickly established themselves in the new medium. In fact, the list of celebrities who have made their TV debuts with Sullivan comprises "a billion dollars' worth of talent," says Irving Mansfield, a CBS producer.

With such a record-breaking line-up, it perhaps is not surprising that Sullivan's show is a smash hit. What does seem strange is Sullivan's personal popularity, which is immense. Wherever he goes, he is kept busy signing autographs. Cab drivers turn around and thank him for his shows. Pedestrians stop him in the streets and press his hand.

Sullivan considers this rather odd, since he takes a minor, retiring part in his presentations. "I believe in getting the best acts I can, introducing them quickly, and getting off," he says.

Yet perhaps his popularity is not so strange, after all. Sullivan's obvious sincerity, his fondness for his guests, and his enthusiasm for their acts strikes a warm, responsive chord in his audience. People seem to identify themselves with him, possibly because he is so unassuming and because he often appears as ill-at-ease as a quiet family man recruited by his wife to be the reluctant m.c. of a Parent-Teachers entertainment.

SULLIVAN IS at core a shy man who overcomes his feelings of inferiority with what amounts to brute force. The TV camera, which distorts everyone's features, does nothing to bolster his ego. Out of its range, Sullivan is a personable-enough fellow, standing 5'10", weighing around 155 (he keeps in trim by shooting a game of golf in the mid-70's), with a strong chin, prominent cheekbones and brow, the slightly flattened nose of an ex-halfback, clear blue eyes, and neatly combed, wavy dark-brown hair.

When these features are flashed to the screen, however, something rather dreadful happens to them. The bones stand out exaggeratedly and the Sullivan visage, which ordinarily wears a mild, pleasant expression, seems to take on a brooding quality.

When Ed first appeared on TV, the camera did such fearful things to him that many people thought he had a paralytic affliction or some other handicap. One night a visitor said, sympathetically, "What courage you must have to go on night after night with that silver plate in your skull!" He immediately was nicknamed Poker Face, and, because his smile came out as an indescribable grimace, Smiley.

The wiseacres of the daily press pounded on these physical shortcomings with great glee. In a word, they murdered him, and each attack made him more self-conscious and stiff. For a time he considered giving up his show. When he had

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just about made up his mind to do so, he met Stan Lee Broza, veteran Philadelphia broadcaster, on a train going to Philadelphia. Broza introduced himself, said something nice about the preceding week's "Toast of the Town," and then inquired, "Do you mind if I make a suggestion?"

Uh-oh, thought Sullivan, here comes another knock. "Not at all," he said stiffly.

"You used to impress me with your ease and poise on the stage," Broza said. "Now you haven't got it any more."

"I know it," Sullivan moaned. "One look at those cameras, and I'm a dead pigeon."

"That's the point," said Broza. "*Don't* look directly into the cameras. Look at the audience, and work to them."

Sullivan tried out the idea the following Sunday night. To his astonishment, it worked. Soon thereafter, the newspaper critics changed their tune and began commenting favorably on his new-found relaxed attitude. A little later he became so well-adjusted to the cameras that he began kidding his old self, capitalizing on the Poker Face nickname. One night he even went so far as to insist that Frank Fontaine, now on the Jack Benny show, do an imitation of Ed Sullivan.

His firm conviction that he should remain in the background may be one good reason why so many top-flight entertainers are eager to appear with him. Also, some performers may be attracted by Sullivan's ability to select material which shows them at their best.

Sugar Ray Robinson, at Sullivan's insistence, once skipped rope to music, and stopped the show cold ("Better than a ballet," Sullivan commented). Luise Rainer was persuaded to read a Sullivan column about a dog. When she did, she drew a torrent of mail.

"Our greatest ads are the artists who appear on our show," Sullivan has said. "One performer always leads to another."

To prove this, he cites the story of how he got Margaret Truman to appear with him. He had been after her, unsuccessfully, for a full year, and had been given the coldest possible shoulder by her manager. Then he signed Mimi Benzell, former Met star who now sings in supper clubs and on radio, for guest spots.

Miss Benzell, pleased with the treatment she received, told Miss Truman about it. Next thing Sullivan knew, he was having lunch with Margaret and her manager, James Davidson.

At first he was certain that she would agree only to be interviewed on "Toast of the Town." Midway in the lunch Miss Truman astounded him. "Could I sing on your show?" she asked.

Struggling to keep his poker face, Sullivan allowed that she could, indeed, sing. She later appeared with him twice.

Other stars have said they would rather appear with Sullivan than with most other m.c.'s because of the high salaries he pays and the unexpected bonuses he often throws in (Margaret Truman received an extra $1,000 for her second shot). The budget for visiting talent on "Toast of the Town" is unusually high: around $15,000 per week.

Unquestionably, Sullivan has

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been aided in his talent-procurement chores by an acquaintance list so wide as to include virtually every important name in show business. This list has been a long time a-growing. It has been helped, of course, by Sullivan's career as a sports and Broadway columnist, a trade he has been plying for 31 years in New York. His five-times-weekly syndicated piece, "Little Old New York," appears in the New York *Daily News* and about 30 other newspapers.

He is paid around $35,000 a year for his newspaper work, which certainly is not a meager salary, but which looks rather slender beside the estimated $125,000 that his TV stint brings in.

Sullivan's column is not always full of Broadway chatter. Sometimes, instead, he will do a piece on a great athlete, on motherhood, on a dog, or on a policeman with a big heart. Occasionally, as in a recent piece entitled "Listen, Kids," he will write an inspirational column frankly directed at young readers with ambition, urging them to work hard and persevere if they want to succeed.

Here Sullivan is speaking directly from the life of Ed Sullivan. He declares that he always has been a small-town newspaperman at heart, remembering his apprentice days on the Port Chester, N. Y., *Daily Item*. Sullivan was not born there; he was born in New York City in 1902. His father, Peter A. Sullivan, an employee of the U. S. Customs House, decided to move his family to the country, where living was healthier and cheaper.

At St. Mary's Parochial School and later at Port Chester High, young Ed was so interested in sports that he sadly neglected his studies. In high school, he won 12 letters.

One day, on a hunch, he went to see Tom Blaine, editor of the Port Chester *Daily Item*, and talked the latter into giving him a crack at writing high-school sports. After graduating, he was hired as a full-time reporter, covering weddings, fires, meetings of the Board of Trustees, and the town's three funeral parlors.

"I'd never worked so hard, and I have never worked that hard since," Sullivan says. His salary was $10 a week.

After a while, he moved on to the Hartford *Post*, then became a sports writer on the New York *Evening Mail*. It was during this period that he gave Helen Wills, the tennis star, her nickname, Little Poker Face, never dreaming that some day a similar moniker would be tacked on him.

Sullivan's *Mail* salary was $75 a week, and he used it in having fun. He wore hand-tailored suits and custom-made shirts, and sped around town in a sport touring car, wooing a succession of extravagantly pretty flappers. He numbered among his acquaintances the top sports stars, the stage entertainers, and even the gangsters.

He was riding high when the *Mail* sent him to Florida in the winter of 1924, but his bubble burst suddenly. He got word that the paper had collapsed. Later that year he returned to New York in a job on the sports desk of the New York *Graphic*, which often has been described as perhaps the worst scandal sheet ever published.

Some of America's foremost news-

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men worked on it, however, among them Walter Winchell, writing his first Broadway column. Winchell was succeeded by Louis Sobol, and he, in turn, was followed by Sullivan. The new columnist wrote bitterly in his first column:

"I have entered a field of writing that ranks so low that it is difficult to distinguish any one columnist from his road companions."

To his surprise, his column caught on. When the *Graphic* folded, the New York *Daily News* hired him. That was 20 years ago.

SULLIVAN'S ENTRY into live show business was as much of an accident as his becoming a Broadway columnist. While on the *Graphic*, he had staged an annual all-star sports award dinner at which notables from all over the country assembled in the Hotel Astor's Grand Ballroom. He served as master of ceremonies at these shows, and they proved so successful that he later was asked by charity organizations to stage similar banquets.

One day in 1932, Boris Morros, of the Paramount Theater in New York, phoned and offered him $1,000 for a week in vaudeville. "You must be crazy," Sullivan said, thinking Morros was joking. Morros called back and said, "All right, I'll make it $1,500."

Sullivan made a second comment on Morros' mental condition. Toward the end of the day, the offer for a week at the Paramount was up to $3,500. "By then I knew that if I didn't take it, I was the one who was crazy," Sullivan says.

After that week the theatrical virus spread all through his system. One engagement led to another, and he kept answering an increasing number of requests to put on benefits. All this time he still was pounding out six newspaper columns each week.

"Thank Heaven I was married," he said recently. "If I'd tried to do all that work and still cover 3 A.M. night-club shows the way I'd done when I was on the *Mail*, I'd have been a nervous wreck."

In 1929 he had married a pretty, dark-haired, black-eyed girl named Sylvia Weinstein. Today the Sullivans make up that rarest of gossip-column items, a happy Broadway marriage. They have a daughter, Betty, 21, who attends U.C.L.A. Mrs. Sullivan works as a volunteer at a hospital three days a week, and assists her husband by reporting on all Broadway first nights.

They live in a pleasant apartment in a Park Avenue hotel with their black French poodle, Bojangles. The place has a telephone-booth-sized kitchen, which inconveniences neither of them, since they are never home to eat any meal but breakfast.

Sullivan works in the apartment, in a den bedecked with some of the 300-odd awards and plaques he has been given for his charity work and the excellence of "Toast of the Town." Adorning the wall are autographed pictures from Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, and many other notables. A glass case displays one of his proudest possessions: a pair of dancing shoes given him by his friend, the late Bill Robinson.

Sullivan's day is astonishingly full for a man who claims to be lazy. He gets up anywhere from 10 in the morning to 1 in the afternoon

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and is almost constantly on the phone, calling his gossip sources, lining up performers for benefits and the TV show, conferring with Marlo Lewis (his co-producer) and writing both the TV script and his newspaper column.

He seldom eats lunch, but every evening he takes time off to dine with Sylvia at Twenty-One, Colony, Le Pavillon, or some other famous restaurant on the Broadway circuit. Then he goes home and reads, works on the column, watches TV, and plays with Bojangles. He turns in around 3 A.M. It is a full life, but he thrives on it.

This season, Sullivan's show has taken a different turn. Instead of presenting straight variety, he is presenting programs built around a single great personality. His first of this series, a two-parter, based on the life of Oscar Hammerstein, drew widespread praise. So did the one on Helen Hayes.

"You've got to keep growing and experimenting," Sullivan remarked to a friend after the Hammerstein show. "That is, if you want to stay in a young and growing industry like television.

"I was in on the ground floor of radio, and like a big dope I dropped out of it. Now I'm in on the ground floor of TV, and believe me, I'm not giving up my lease until the landlord evicts me!"

Grammatically Speaking

THE DIFFERENCE between the terms "printing" and "publishing," which does not seem to be fully comprehended by a lot of people, has been deftly explained by the gallant editor of a small-town Southern newspaper.

A pretty young lady called upon him, tendered a bundle of manuscript tied with baby blue ribbon, and sweetly requested, "Will you please print this for me?"

"Don't you mean 'publish,' young lady?" the editor rejoined.

"I don't know, sir," the youthful poetess replied. "What's the difference between printing and publishing?"

"Well, it's this way," explained the editor. "If I should press a kiss upon the lips of a lovely young lady, that would be printing; but if I should go out and tell the world about it, that would be publishing!"

"I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN," sadly announced Jim Hawkins, the traveling salesman, "that if I married a schoolteacher there would be trouble sooner or later. Seems it has come sooner."

"What is it?" inquired a fellow-salesman.

"It's this letter she wrote me," replied Jim. "Just listen to what she says: 'Dear Jim: I notice that you have written me "Dearest Lucy." Now either your grammar is bad or else you are not a good husband. If I am the only Lucy you have, the "Dearest" is not correct, and if you have more than one Lucy, you've got some explaining to do when you come home!' "

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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The Mystery of the Church Pew

by GEORGE H. STRALEY

THE SEXTON of the big-city church was frankly puzzled. Every week for several months, he had been finding a sheet of blue-lined notepaper, crumpled into a small wad, in a corner of the same rear pew.

For some time he had attached no significance to the find; people were always leaving odd things in a church—handbags, spectacle cases, chewing gum. But one Monday morning he smoothed out one of the wads of paper and read several penciled words, written one under the other like a shopping list: Clara—ill; Lester—job; Rent.

After that, the sexton began looking for the paper wads. They were always there, after every Sunday morning service. He opened them all and read them. Then he began to watch for the person who sat in that particular pew.

It was a woman, he discovered—a middle-aged woman, plain but kind-faced, unassuming. She was always alone. After he had seen her, the sexton sought out the rector, told him what he had observed, and handed him the collection of sheets. The rector read the cryptic words with furrowed brow.

On the next Sunday, he contrived to greet the woman at the church door as she was leaving, and asked her kindly if she would wait for him a moment in the vestry. In the privacy of that room he showed her the creased pages of blue-lined notepaper, and asked her gently whether they had any meaning for the church.

Tears welled in the woman's eyes. She hesitated, then said softly: "They have meaning for me. You'll think it's silly, I guess—but some time ago I saw a sign among the advertising posters in a streetcar. It said, 'Take your troubles to church with you.'

"My troubles are written on those pieces of paper. I wrote them down during the week and brought them here on Sunday mornings—and left them. I felt that God was taking care of them."

"God *is* taking care of them," the rector said, "and I shall ask Him to keep on doing so."

On his way out of the church, the rector paused to pick up the freshly wadded note left there that morning. Smoothing it out, he saw that it contained four words:

"John—in Air Force."

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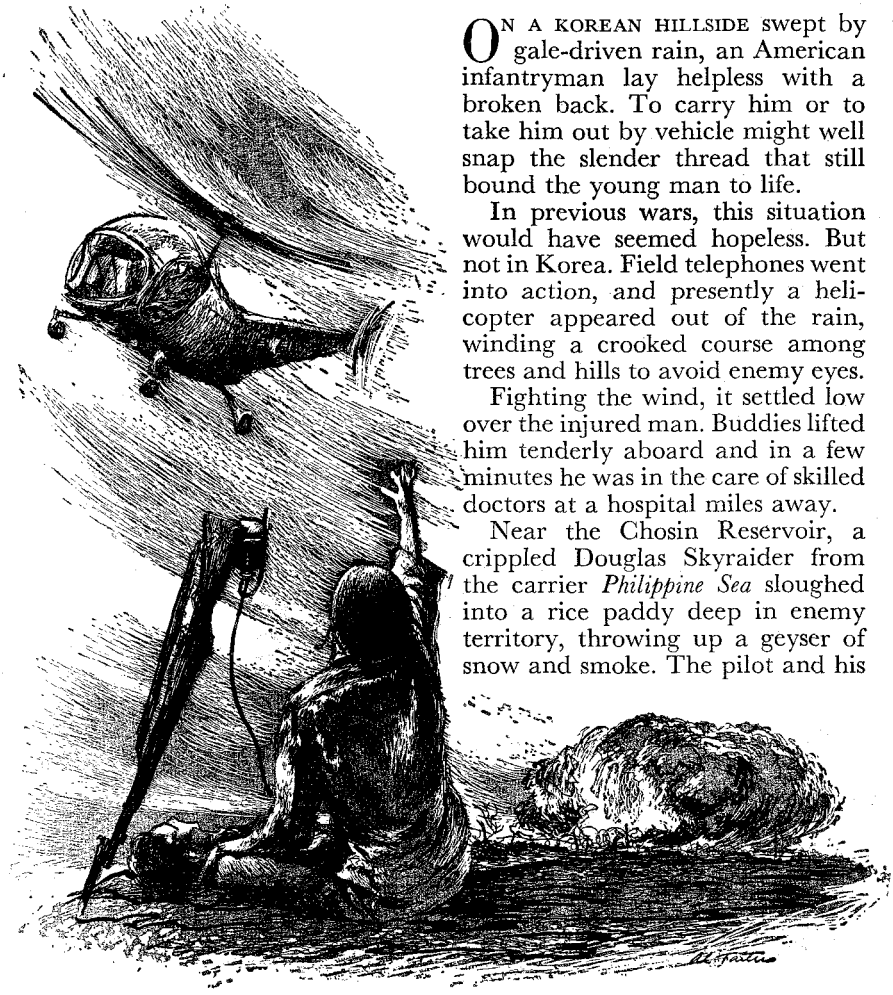
The 'Copters Are Coming!

by VICTOR BOESEN

Lifesavers in war, the "flying windmills" are tackling many new peacetime jobs



ON A KOREAN HILLSIDE swept by gale-driven rain, an American infantryman lay helpless with a broken back. To carry him or to take him out by vehicle might well snap the slender thread that still bound the young man to life.

In previous wars, this situation would have seemed hopeless. But not in Korea. Field telephones went into action, and presently a helicopter appeared out of the rain, winding a crooked course among trees and hills to avoid enemy eyes.

Fighting the wind, it settled low over the injured man. Buddies lifted him tenderly aboard and in a few minutes he was in the care of skilled doctors at a hospital miles away.

Near the Chosin Reservoir, a crippled Douglas Skyraider from the carrier *Philippine Sea* sloughed into a rice paddy deep in enemy territory, throwing up a geyser of snow and smoke. The pilot and his

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crewman leaped clear an instant before the ship exploded. In times past, to be shot down behind enemy lines usually brought a telegram to the man's family, "missing in action." Things are different now.

While the two men beat their sides to keep warm in the bitter wind, their teammates overhead stood off the surrounding enemy with bullets until a helicopter came. It lowered a winch line, reeled the men aboard, and was gone . . . like an eagle making off with prey in its talons.

Last September, helicopter talons swooped over a rugged mountain in Eastern Korea and deposited there a reinforced Marine company —28 men—with food and ammunition. Twenty-one helicopters participated in this first mass 'copter invasion in history. The ground was cleared and the troops moved into defensive positions in just four hours. On foot, it would have taken them two days to climb and occupy the mountain.

Such services by this strange new aircraft, plus a hundred more, have brought the comment that if this machine, bearing no resemblance to any other flying contrivance of God or man, had been perfected before the plane, there would have been no plane. For the 'copter can do things even birds can't do or have the good sense not to try.

It can take off backwards, shoot straight up 1,600 feet a minute like a disembodied elevator, drop straight down, rush forward at up to 130 miles an hour, skid to a dead stop in midair, hover like a humming bird, glide like a sailplane, fly sideways, loop the loop, and land without running an inch, in any spot that's big enough to accommodate its rotor.

Comic of the aircraft family, it has been called. But the singularities that attract this description, along with such epithets as "infuriated palm tree," "egg beater," "flying windmill," "pinwheel," "stem-winder," and "whirligig," are what give the craft its remarkable usefulness.

"Gyrating angel" is another term, affectionately added in Korea, for to the 'copter goes much of the credit for holding the death rate among wounded to two and a half per cent, unprecedented in warfare. In two weeks after it reached the front, on January 2, 1951, the Second Army Helicopter Detachment evacuated at least 50 wounded men who, doctors said, could not have survived an ambulance ride over Korea's primitive roads.

The windmill had also proven above par for delivering mail, medicine, plasma, hot food, water, and critical ammunition to the front lines, spotting the enemy, lifting patrols out in advance, and watching the flanks and rear to prevent surprise attack.

Often, too, there is an unclassifiable service, like that performed for the two embarrassed officers who had mounted to the roof of a three-story building to repair a shrapnel hole, crawled through the hole from the inside, and then forgot to leave a way to get down.

IN CIVILIAN LIFE, the utility of the 'copter promises to become equally as extensive as in soldiering. In the Los Angeles and Chicago areas, the 11 machines now in service are advancing the delivery of

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air mail 12 to 48 hours, by speeding it between airports and post offices in a fraction of the old time.

As a farm implement, the stem-winder might well have tempted Paul Bunyan to swap his blue ox for it, with such accomplishments as putting down 56,000 pounds of fertilizer on 560 acres in four hours and 39 minutes, as it did in California's San Joaquin Valley. Moreover, having put down the fertilizer, the windmill can follow with the seed and, when the plants are up, lay on the dust to keep bugs off.

It is particularly good at this because the rotors waft the dust. And if frost impends, it can keep the air stirred above the crop.

The helicopter is the only conveyance in the world capable of operating into and out of the center of a forest fire. This means, among other uses in dealing with this great scourge, that persons trapped by flames may be rescued. Not long ago, a man collapsed on a mountainside while battling a forest fire. The flames, roaring up the wooded mountain, were only 50 yards away when a pinwheel unwound into the bush and took him aboard.

The list of rescues runs on endlessly, as do the 'copter's diverse uses. In the remote reaches of Canada's Northwest Territories and the Yukon, and in the wild heartland of Australia, the egg beater is being employed to look for oil and minerals. In our own West, it is used to round up cattle. To ocean fishermen, it is what they have long needed to spot fish. New York police use it to spot traffic jams and for rescue work.

The possibilities of the helicopter have intrigued man for centuries. The principle of its operation was known to the ancient Chinese; and Leonardo da Vinci sketched one, adding comment about "a great screw turning on vertical axis."

A 'copter actually got off the ground in 1909. The main trouble, however, was that while it was relatively easy to build a contraption able to screw itself into the air —which, literally, is how the helicopter climbs—making it go forward was another thing. A second problem was how to come down.

Such interest as remained was stolen by the Autogiro, developed by Spain's Juan de la Cierva. The giro was pulled forward like the plane, by means of a nose propeller. This forward motion, sending air against the free-wheeling rotor, caused it to spin. This, in turn, with one blade slicing up and the other slicing down, resulted in the lift that made it an aircraft.

Then, in the late '30s, Germany's Heinrich Focke snapped attention back to the helicopter with a stem-winder that would do the two things no 'copter had done before: go places, and land properly. On a dead engine it windmilled to earth like the giro, as do all 'copters today. The rotor being power-driven, the craft rose nearly three times as fast as the giro and carried more load.

Near Bridgeport, Connecticut, a couple of years later, a little man who had built his first helicopter in 1909 in his native Russia, and who had never lost faith in the idea, squared his hat and sat aboard his latest effort. He rose 30 feet, descended, rose 60 feet, steered a course around the field by tilting the whirling rotor in the direction he wanted to go, and landed. The

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first successful American helicopter was on its way, thanks to Igor Sikorsky. On May 6, 1941, Sikorsky bemused the world with a flight of one hour and 32 minutes. The helicopter had finally arrived.

Today, the ludicrous pinwheel is being refined on all sides of the earth. Types range from a 200-pound single-seater like the American Helicopter Company's "Buck Private," which is little more than an open-air flying chair, to giants of air-liner capacity to carry tanks, trucks, and bridge sections, being readied by Howard Hughes.

'Copters employ single rotors and double rotors, set one above the other or one at each end, and rotors with two to four blades. These are spun with standard internal-combustion aircraft engines, and with jets and ram jets.

The thrust engines, used on both the largest and smallest ships, and on the "Hornet" of Stanley Hiller (to name one in between), do away with a lot of mechanism and replacement time. Those on the Hornet fixed on rotor tips weigh 11 pounds each, and can be removed in two minutes with a screwdriver.

In addition to the myriad jobs it already performs, the pinwheel promises solution to the growing problem of getting into and out of our traffic-choked cities. Los Angeles Airways, the city's mail line, has taken delivery on its first ten-passenger ships, preparatory to starting passenger service between the airport and surrounding towns in 1952. In New York, a heliport was opened last spring for use by the Port Authority. Last June British European Airways ran its inaugural helicopter flight between London and Birmingham.

With the privately owned pinwheel naturally included in the picture of space-winders dropping easily into the heart of town, the stop-go technique of clogged traffic movement should be relieved. Only the familiar problem will remain: Where do we park?

First Things First

LITTLE INCIDENTS often reflect a man's whole philosophy.

During a service in the fall of 1946, Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, author of that magnificent book, *Peace of Mind*, lost his voice. He was barely able to finish his sermon, and signaled his assistant to conduct the remainder of the service of worship.

The throat specialist in New York prescribed two things: complete rest and absolute silence. So from November to the end of February a great religious mind was unable to express itself in words, and the world was a less spiritual place because Dr. Liebman could not be heard. Then the specialist made another examination and said, "Now, Rabbi, you can talk."

Turning immediately to his wife, the Rabbi spoke his first words. They were, "I love you."

—F. A. MAGOUN in *Your Life*

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GRIN AND

A CERTAIN Moscow comrade stood in so well with the party that he was granted a permit allowing him to buy a railroad ticket without having to stand in line. One day he went to the station and presented his precious permit.

"Get in that line over there," he was told.

"But," protested the privileged one, "this permit allows me to buy a ticket without standing in line!"

"I know that, comrade," rejoined the station agent, "and that is the line for people who don't have to stand in line to buy tickets."

—BROCKTON *Daily Enterprise*

ON A TRAIN, noticing a man with a severe cold, a businessman leaned across the aisle and said, "You have a bad cold, haven't you?"

The afflicted one nodded and blew his nose resoundingly. The businessman proceeded: "Best thing in the world for a cold is to gargle with hot salt water. Drink all the fruit juice you can take. Have a hot toddy on retiring—and you'll get over your cold in half the time it usually takes."

The stranger thanked him.

Late that evening as the train neared Rochester, Minnesota, the businessman approached his patient. "By the way," he smiled, "my name's Smith."

"Glad to have met you," said the other. "I'm Dr. William Mayo."

—FRANCES RODMAN

SPEAKING OF FRANCE'S astronomical ever-soaring national debt, a member of the National Assembly observed recently: "All I can say is that it's too bad future generations cannot be here now to see the magnificent things we're doing with their money."

—PAUL STEINER

IT WAS ST. PATRICK'S DAY and a teacher in a public school in New York City, where a mammoth parade is held in honor of the day, considered it appropriate to comment in class on the patron saint of the Irish. Turning to the blackboard, she drew a picture of a shamrock and inquired of her third-graders: "What is this?"

A little girl raised her hand and announced with quick assurance: "The Ace of Clubs!"

—MARGARET MARA

THE SUPERVISOR in charge of complaints received the following from a customer whose telephone had just been installed: "I have much more phone cord than I need. As a matter of fact, it gets in my way. I wonder if you would mind pulling some of it in at your end. I'll tell you when to stop."

—TORONTO *Daily Star*

IT WAS THEIR first date, and as they stood at her door saying good night the sailor asked: "What would you do if I were to try to kiss you?"

"I'd call my brother," the girl said virtuously.

"How old is he?"

"Three," she whispered.

—*Twaddle*

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SHARE IT

A HARASSED British housewife was trudging home from market, holding her meager rations in one hand and leading her little girl by the other.

"Are we having meat tonight, Mommy?" asked the child.

"No, dear, it's fish."

"But, Mommy, is it Friday?"

"No, darling," explained the mother, "it's England."

—JACQUES PARQUES-VILLIERS

MRS. ABERCROMBIE was full of bitter complaint about the Alpine altitude of prices and the subbasement quality of the meat she was getting. After listening patiently to her tirade, the butcher took out his pencil and on each shoulder strap of his apron marked a crude M.D. "Now I'm a psychiatrist," he sighed, "and you can tell me *all* your troubles." —ANDREW SHELTON

A CIRCUS OWNER caught his trainer administering a merciless beating to the most valuable elephant in the show.

"Stop!" roared the owner in a rage. "What's the idea of beating that poor animal?"

The trainer explained grimly, "He tripped in the middle of his act this evening."

"Do you mean to say you're beating him just because he tripped?"

"Just because he tripped, my left eyebrow," retorted the trainer. "He tore the tails out of your other six elephants!" —BENNETT CERF

"I'VE HAD MY EYE on you for some time, miss," said the motorcycle cop.

"Fancy that," was the airy reply. "And I thought you were arresting me for speeding."

THE ACCOUNTANT who always made out Mr. Bungleton's income-tax reports looked coldly at his client and said: "My dear sir, will you kindly explain this one claim for deduction—nearly $800 for repainting the front attic window of your house?"

"Well," replied Bungleton, "I thought I could do the job myself. And I was doing fine until a gust of wind started the ladder to skidding. Then I dropped the paint bucket and grabbed for the window sill. But the paint bucket happened to land upside down on a cute little blonde girl that works as a secretary. She was wearing a new fur coat, and said I'd have to buy her another—or she'd sue me. I took her into the furrier's and was buying her a new one, but a friend of my wife's happened to see me. By the time I got home, my wife was at the lawyer's. And I had to pay him another $50 for calling the divorce off . . . Does that clear everything up?" —*Wall Street Journal*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Brooklyn Children Love Their Museum

by LESTER DAVID

There's nothing staid or stuffy about an institution that encourages young people to push the buttons that make things go

FOR THE QUARTER of a million boys and girls who explore its treasures every year, the Brooklyn Children's Museum is the most exciting spot in the world—a unique place where exhibits such as trains, ships, and telephone networks come to enthralling life at the touch of a button. There is an excited babble all the time and no stern guards to say hush, because this treasure house belongs entirely to children.

Now a half-century old, the Museum has been the inspiration for similar institutions in more than 20 other cities and several foreign nations. Educators from all over the globe visit it to learn the rare yet amazingly simple secret by which it has enriched the lives of millions of youngsters.

This secret was illustrated dramatically when I watched a class of eight-year-olds pay its first visit. At the end of the group, Timmy and Margery mounted the steps reluctantly, indicating that they thought a stuffy old museum was dismal indeed. A few minutes later I saw both children beside themselves with eagerness and enthusiasm.

Timmy had wandered into the Hall of Transportation, where he came upon the finest miniature railroad he had ever seen. A young woman appeared and asked: "Would you like to run the trains?"

Would he!

"Just press the buttons, here on the side."

Timmy pressed them one after the other and the whole wonderful railroad hurtled into motion. The trains screamed along the tracks, smoke spiraling from locomotives; whistles blew importantly, and goggle-eyed Timmy now was imagining himself an engineer in the cab, highballing down the main line.

As he watched entranced, the young woman explained about railroads and transportation, about the different things trains carry from coast to coast. Timmy was having a glorious time running the trains, but he was learning things too, in an entirely new and different way.

That is the museum's little secret;

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the exhibits, many of them patterned on the "do it yourself, handle it yourself" theme, are so exciting that the lessons they impart are stamped indelibly on a child's mind. Margaret DeWolf Tullock, the attractive young director of the institution, sums up the idea in a sentence: "We feel that an exhibit in the hand is worth dozens in a glass case."

A homely and neighborly place, the Museum occupies two rambling old private houses of white brick in the midst of a tiny park. Mothers on nearby benches sun babies in carriages, while older offspring troop off for hours of fascination inside the old buildings.

Children learn about nature through handling live animals; they get a familiarity with scientific procedure by conducting laboratory experiments in physics and chemistry; they obtain an understanding of people in other countries by inspecting objects in daily use in foreign lands.

There is so much to do at the Museum that the hours pass like seconds. After an absorbing session with the trains, Timmy went into another room of the Hall of Transportation, where his class was crowded around a huge model of the Queen Mary, poised in her berth in the Hudson River. The rapt audience listened to stories of the seven seas and learned what foreign commerce means.

Meanwhile, little Margery was pressing her nose against a case holding a French wax doll in a billowing gown of pink satin. Then in other cases she saw a Victorian doll with a trunkful of clothes, a Cossack from Old Russia, a South American Gaucho, a Romany gypsy, a rickshaw boy from China. As Margery examined them, she learned about other lands and other children, their history and customs.

The Museum has a roomful of animals, too, and they are *alive*. While Timmy and his friends were exclaiming over the antics of the animals, in came Oakes A. White, curator of natural history, who tossed a bombshell by inquiring casually: "Anybody like to pet the animals?"

Answered by an explosive chorus of "Me's!" he unlocked the cages, and the boys came up to pet the animals: Flopsy, the albino rabbit; Suzette, the guinea pig; Chippy and Chappy, a pair of white mice; and Mignonette, the deodorized skunk. The youngsters all had a wonderful time with the animals, while White spun stories about their lives, habits, feeding, and care.

TO CARRY OUT its aim of introducing the young mind to science and culture, the Museum sponsors dozens of activities in addition to exhibits. There are clubs of all sorts—Electricity, Indian, Pet, Stamp, Microscope, Young Scientist, Bird—members of which learn by doing. The Young Scientist club is so popular with the four-to-six-year-olds that there are two sections.

The Museum has provided the spark for many notable careers. Back in 1906, two gangling adolescents gazed in awe at a display of electrical apparatus. The boys, Lloyd Espenschied and Austen Curtis, remained that day until they were shooed out at closing time, but returned next morning.

The early fascination grew into

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an avid study. Stimulated by Anna B. Gallup, then curator-in-chief of the Museum, the boys built a display of wireless telegraphy, invented by Marconi 11 years before. The feat won newspaper acclaim as one of the first actual uses to be made of Marconi's invention. Later, Espenschied and Curtis played a big part in America's communications industry, and as a climax to an illustrious career begun at the Museum, Espenschied helped invent television's coaxial cable.

Spurred by Brooklyn's example, children's museums are delighting (and teaching) youngsters all over the nation. Your own town can organize one with community cooperation. Guidance will be cheerfully offered by the director of the Brooklyn Children's Museum, or those in Boston; Indianapolis; Detroit; Hartford; Charlotte, N. C.; San Francisco; Palo Alto, California; Duluth; Morristown, N. J.

A museum for children will pay rich dividends. Just how strongly Brooklyn's youngsters feel about theirs was brought home forcibly to three mothers recently. They showed up in tears at a local police station and reported the extended absence of three small boys. The children had been given money for a mid-morning movie and were to come home for lunch, but here it was 4 o'clock and no kids.

The desk sergeant sent out a call for patrol cars to be on the lookout. An hour later, three very happy and hungry boys arrived home. Oblivious to hunger and scorning the blandishments of a picture show, they had spent the entire day in the Children's Museum!

If —

YOU PROBABLY saw his picture. It was shot by David Douglas Duncan: a helmeted young marine looking past you, his face wrapped in a muffler, a can of frozen rations in his mittened hands. Edward Steichen, choosing the picture for a wall of the Museum of Modern Art, asked Duncan how he got it, and Duncan told him:

Dawn had just grayed the Korean winter sky. Marines were trying to eat their frozen rations. One of them seemed to portray them all in his frigid misery—a man so cold and dejected that his face had lost even the hope of survival.

The photographer tried a familiar device to get a flicker of expression on the chill GI face. He asked the boy: "Say, if you could have anything you wanted right now, what would you ask for?" His camera was set. And he waited for the expression to match the answer he expected—"a steak and French fries" or "a beautiful blonde" or even "my ma's blueberry pie."

But the face changed very little. The marine looked at Duncan, then mumbled "What do I want? Tomorrow."

—WRITERS BOARD FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT

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Picture Story

NEW STARS OVER BROADWAY

TO THE YOUNG HOPEFULS who come to New York with stardust in their eyes, all the world's glamour seems to be locked in the few blocks around Broadway and Times Square. Here, where there is a broken heart for every glittering light, there is also the one chance in a million for fame and fortune. In the galaxy that follows, each star won that chance, and learned there's still no business like show business.

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Nanette Fabray

"YOU MAY THINK you're a star, but until they put your name over the title on the marquee, you're just a featured player." With the musical, *Arms and the Girl*, Nanette Fabray, by her own definition, became a full-fledged star. Her sparkling talent and versatility have taken her from *Our Gang* comedies to dramatic parts to musicals. Nanette is now in California, dancing in an M-G-M movie with Fred Astaire. "I suppose I should be nervous about Hollywood," she says, "but after all it's my home town."

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Nina Foch

"NO DAUGHTER of mine will ever go on the stage," Nina Foch's mother once declared unequivocally. This dictum was promptly forgotten when Nina was signed by Columbia Pictures. At first, it appeared that her peculiar intensity would get her only big parts in little pictures and little parts in big pictures. Then she played the husky-voiced heroine of *John Loves Mary* on Broadway. Movie moguls took another look at Nina and clamored for her name on a contract. They had discovered that rarest of commodities: a beauty who can also act.

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Dorothy Sarnoff

BY THE TIME Dorothy Sarnoff had brought her thrilling soprano voice from opera to Broadway, she had learned to loathe the words, "You're not the type." Twice this pronouncement blocked her way—but only temporarily. "An actress has to be like a chameleon," Dorothy says, and to prove it, she has dyed her hair five different colors and adapted her personality accordingly each time ("When my husband does a double take, then I know I've got it"). For her part in *The King and I*, she has even learned to cry real tears at the drop of a cue.

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Ann Crowley

PERT ANN CROWLEY came to New York determined to waste no time. She went directly to Rodgers and Hammerstein and asked if she had a theatrical future. Recognizing the answer to a producer's dream—a girl who would look like a sweet heroine for ten years—they put her in the chorus of *Oklahoma!* She had just turned 15. A year later, ingenue Betty Jane Watson became ill and Ann was summoned to sing the lead. "I needed two hands to put on my lipstick." Next day, Miss Watson returned and Ann went back to the chorus. But her mark was made.

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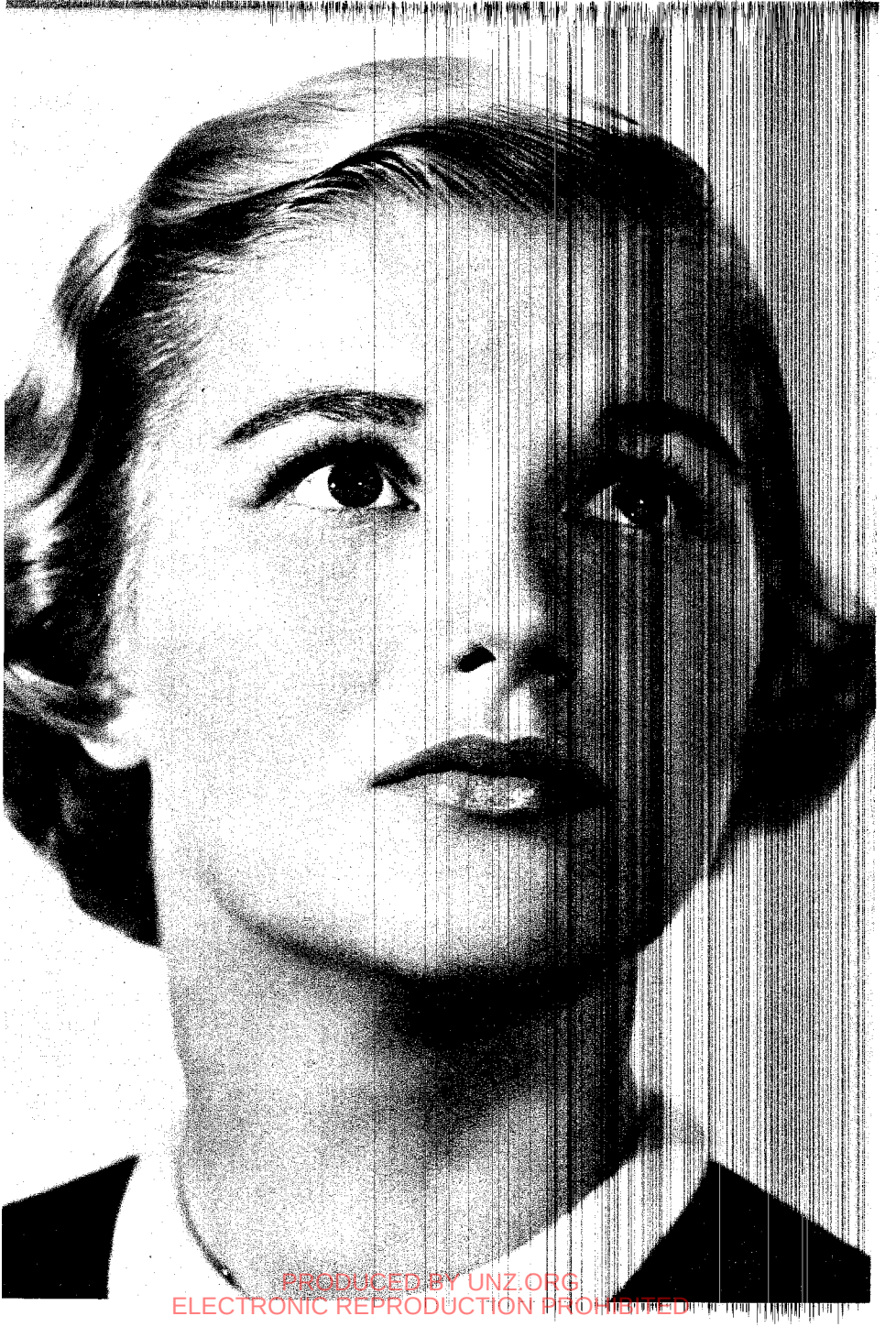

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Barbara Bel Geddes

UNTIL SHE SPEAKS, Barbara Bel Geddes seems like a pretty coed. But her voice, enchanting and earnest, transforms her entire personality. You remember that this is the girl who, in comedy and drama, on stage and screen, has made you believe in the character she was creating. And suddenly you know that here is one of those storied people, born to be "of the theater."

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Joan McCracken

SOME PEOPLE gain fame by replacing the star when a producer is in the house. Others win contests. But Joan McCracken did it by falling down. In the chorus of *Oklahoma!* she was the girl who snarled up the dances by wobbling, stumbling, and finally falling flat on her blue jeans. Critics tabbed the girl with the puckish humor for a brilliant future: they were right.

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Dolores Gray

IN THE LONDON company of *Annie Get Your Gun*, the booming voice of Dolores Gray promptly reminded Americans of Ethel Merman. Then they took a closer look. Aside from her boundless energy, this girl had the curves and sultry manner to perk up an audience, whether she was singing or just standing still. Signed for the revue, *Two on the Aisle*, Dolores came home to triumph.

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Isabel Bigley

ISABEL BIGLEY'S father prepared his daughter for office work. "As a secretary you'll always eat," he pointed out. As it developed, Isabel has been eating wonderfully well as an actress, but now has another problem. She looks so much like the demure Salvation Army girl she portrays in *Guys and Dolls* that it's difficult to conceive of her in another part. Yet, given long earrings and a slinky gown, Isabel is convinced that she can be as versatile as the next girl—and hopes to prove it.

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Secrets of Life —— Before Birth

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Exciting explorations are being made into the mysterious world of the unborn child

WHAT HAPPENS to a baby before he is born? Is he sometimes uncomfortable? Does he feel emotions? Can he hear? Can he think? Is he capable of learning?

Up to now, medicine has not had time to answer questions such as these. It has had its hands full just figuring out how an unborn baby grows during those first nine months of its existence. At that, the doctors did so well that they were able to piece together an exact week-by-week picture of that miraculous period of life before birth.

Medicine now knows just how a baby looks and acts at any stage of prenatal development. They can tell you, for instance, that the tiny heart of a four-week-old embryo, just one-tenth inch in length, is already beginning to beat; that an eight-week-old fetus, one inch long, already shows signs of developing facial features, arms and legs, a brain, and will even respond to tickling; that by the time it is 20 weeks old, it has several accomplishments, among them the ability to pout, clench its fist, and move enough to make its mother aware of its presence.

The gathering of the remarkable facts about prenatal growth was a scientific triumph. But there was one thing about it that disturbed the researchers: all their information was obtained by studying prematurely born babies or those surgically removed in emergency operations. The question that challenged medicine was: how did babies behave while they were still *inside the uterus?*

Into this fascinating new field plunged the Fels Research Institute for the Study of Human Development. As head of this organization, which is dedicated to the study of human beings from conception to maturity, Dr. Lester W. Sontag believes that what happens to a baby during the nine months when he is still part of his mother may have a profound effect on his health, temperament, and even intelligence.

Located at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, the Institute has made a community project of its studies. Several hundred families are cooperating on various projects. In the case of experiments with unborn babies, prospective mothers report to the Institute immediately after the first signs of pregnancy. Thereafter the researchers keep minute records, not only of physical developments in the mothers which

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physicians usually follow, but on the possible reactions these are having on unborn babies.

At the start the researchers asked an intriguing question: is the fetus, as medicine has generally supposed, really just a shielded little parasite, wholly cut off from the outside world in which his mother lives? Or do his growing senses respond to outside stimulation? One clue, the scientists thought, would be the baby's response to noise.

By querying pregnant women, they turned up some fascinating hints. One mother reported that she noticed unusual movements of the baby whenever she went near a vibrating washing machine.

Then the researchers devised a test. The apparatus consisted of air-filled sacs placed on the abdomen of a prospective mother. Any movement of the fetus would make the sac move, thus causing the pen connected to it to make a line on paper. They placed an ordinary door buzzer against the mother's abdomen, near the location of the baby's head. In more than 90 per cent of the trials, the pen jumped.

But had *he* really reacted to the sound? Perhaps the sound of the buzzer against the mother's body had caused a "startle reaction" in her, and he in turn was reacting to changes that the reaction had produced in her blood.

Any strong emotional reaction does cause changes in the levels of certain hormones in the blood. And these hormones can pass through the placenta into the blood stream of the fetus.

To answer the question, the researchers developed a more elaborate test. First, they strapped a tiny, highly sensitive microphone to the mother's abdomen. This in turn was linked to an automatic recording device that translated heartbeats into a written record. During each session, for which each mother reported once a week, she lay quietly in a soundproof room. Three seconds before the oscillator sounded, she was warned by a flashing lamp.

In these experiments it was found that both the movement response and the increase in heart-rate occurred in about two or three seconds. This could only have happened as a result of direct perception by the fetus of the sound.

An infant after birth, subjected to these same sounds, would have the same "startle reaction." However, if the sound were repeated frequently, he would learn that it was meaningless. How would the test work with an unborn baby? Could he, too, learn?

To find the answer, researchers gave a daily sound stimulation to a particular fetus. By comparing his reactions to those of unborn babies stimulated only once a week, they had a guide to what he had learned. They found that after a dozen such sessions though his heart beat increased, it returned to normal in a fraction of the time it had previously required or that was required for the others.

"He seems," says the report, "to tire of the nonsense much more readily than had he not had experience previously." After birth, also, he was less easily affected by sound than the others were.

Though they do not know its full significance, scientists are excited by this evidence that external

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stimuli can actually alter the behavior pattern of unborn babies—and can even create effects which carry over after birth!

MOTHERS HAVE always wondered about the wriggling, squirming, kicking, and other movements made by the babies they were carrying. At Fels, the scientists got to puzzling over it, too. Were these movements just the random activity of a living, growing organism or could they be something far more significant?

When one mother came in for a checkup, it was discovered that the fetus was moving violently. An interview provided a possible answer. For some days she had been emotionally upset because of quarrels with her husband. As other cases of unusual movements were recorded in the laboratory, it became clear that the mothers' emotions had some definite effect on their unborn babies.

The kicking movements clearly indicated that the fetus was "bothered" by his mother's emotional upset. But what did that mean for his future? Fortunately, the Fels researchers soon found the answers. In the course of the experiment there were eight cases of unusual movements due to mothers' disturbances. Seven of the babies were underweight, in proportion to their length.

Most important, however, they tended to be hyperactive, irritable, crying children who wanted to be fed every two or three hours. Digestive disturbances were common and feeding was a problem.

"Such a child," says Dr. Sontag, "is a neurotic infant when he is born—the result of unsatisfactory fetal environment."

This should not frighten mothers who have simply had an occasional emotional upset, such as is likely to occur in any family. In all cases explored at the Institute, the situation which caused the disturbance was one that continued over the late months of pregnancy. Nor is there any evidence that the infants of even those mothers who were severely emotionally disturbed for weeks or even months suffered any *permanent* damage as a result.

The Institute researchers are not predicting what discoveries they may make as they continue their explorations into life before birth. Even in the field of nutrition, where vast research has been done, there are still many unknowns. But before they are through, scientists will probably clarify greatly the question of the effect on her infant of what the mother eats.

While the whole idea of reducing the fetus' size and making delivery easier by cutting out a few sweets in the mother's diet doesn't work, smaller infants are born as a result of starvation in war-torn countries. There is also evidence that protein and vitamin inadequacies in the mother's diet tend to produce less rugged and less healthy infants.

The inquisitive scientists of Fels may strike their biggest bonanza when they explore more deeply one of the most vital substances a mother supplies her unborn child. That substance is oxygen, the very breath of life. The human being is, after all, an oxygen-breathing creature. Deprive him of it, and in a few minutes he dies. Give him some, but not enough, and he is poisoned,

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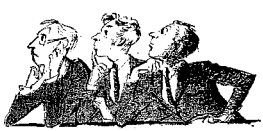
made ill, cells are destroyed. The fact that during his stay in the uterus the unborn baby "breathes" a liquid rather than air does not mean that he doesn't need oxygen, which he receives in the blood delivered through the placenta.

Now what happens if something in the mother's physiology (due to certain systemic diseases) creates a condition in which the infant cannot get enough of this precious life-giver? "There seems good reason," says Dr. Sontag, "to suspect that oxygen deprivation . . . is capable of modifying to some degree . . . the nervous system and, therefore, of modifying the response the individual will make to stress situations in later life."

While there may be no obvious abnormality, the brain could actually be modified by a lack of oxygen. A child may seem normal enough, yet have been robbed of capabilities he might have possessed. Thus, Dr. Sontag suggests that an individual with an IQ of 110 *might* have had one of 125.

A long time ago, Samuel Coleridge said: "The history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth would probably be far more interesting and contain events of far greater moment than all the three-score-and-ten years that follow it." As researchers at Fels Institute throw new light on the events that make up this story of life before birth, they will undoubtedly continue to unlock secrets that will make it far more than "interesting." It will be one of medicine's greatest milestones if the day comes when this growing knowledge of fetal environment can be applied to bring into the world happier, healthier, even more intelligent babies.

Who's Who



TO CHOOSE from many applicants a man for a high-salaried position, a large steel company gave the following test. It has been done in three minutes.

A train is operated by three men, Smith, Jones, and Robinson, who are the fireman, engineer, and brakeman—*but not respectively*. On the train there are three businessmen with the same three names, Smith, Jones, and Robinson. In this test, the initial B. designates a businessman. From the following information you should be able to find out which is the fireman, the engineer, and the brakeman.

1. B. Robinson lives in Toronto.
2. B. Jones earns $5,000 a year.
3. The brakeman lives midway between Toronto and Montreal.
4. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
5. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, who is one of the businessmen, earns three times as much as the brakeman, whose salary is $3,500 a year.
6. The businessman whose name is the same as the brakeman's lives in Montreal.

Who is the fireman? Who is the engineer? Who is the brakeman? (See page 96 for solution.)

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The Prisoner Nobody Wanted

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE JUDGE of the Cross County Circuit Court at Wynne, Arkansas, looked sternly at the comely, well-dressed defendant: "Mrs. Blanche Palmer, you stand convicted of the second-degree murder of your common-law husband, Charles Turain. Therefore it is the judgment of this court that you serve the next 21 years in the Arkansas State Penitentiary at Little Rock."

Two days later Sheriff E. L. Cooper alighted with his fair prisoner at the Little Rock railway station. They were met by Joe Wirges, reporter for the Arkansas *Gazette*, who offered to drive them to the prison in his car.

The guard at the entrance glanced at the commitment Cooper handed him. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't receive this woman."

"Why not?"

"Because this is a male prison. She should go to the State Farm at Jacksonville."

Cooper was getting angry. "I don't care where she *should* go," he snapped. "The commitment says here, I've taken her here, here's where I leave her, and you're not going to stop me!"

But the guard, shrugging, closed the grilled barrier. In fury, Cooper shouted: "O.K. She's out here. I've fulfilled my duty."

He unlocked the handcuffs from his bewildered prisoner. "What'll I do now?" the woman asked Cooper uncertainly.

"I don't care what you do, madame. If they don't want you here, that's their lookout."

For the first time Mrs. Palmer seemed to realize how good the gods had been. "Will you drive me to the station?" she asked Wirges.

"Certainly," the reporter answered gallantly. "Hop right in."

Mrs. Palmer hopped. A train was ready to leave. Looking as radiant as would any woman from whom 21 years had just dropped, the one-time prisoner waved gaily as the train pulled out.

That was on September 13, 1923. Mrs. Palmer has not been seen or heard from since.

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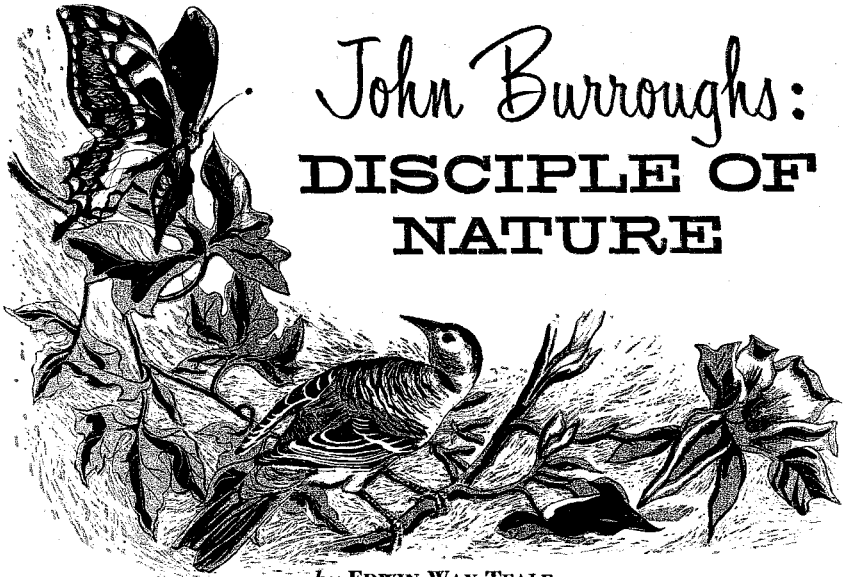

John Burroughs: DISCIPLE OF NATURE

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

He found the wealth of the universe at his door, and shared it with millions

"READ JOHN BURROUGHS." Not long ago, an Eastern physician handed that prescription to a patient suffering from nervous strain. Like looking at the stars or watching a stream flow by, he said, reading the books of this simple countryman-naturalist provides an antidote for the tensions of today.

Burroughs wrote of the beauties of the familiar; of everyday, fundamental things. The tumult and fever of the world are far away in his pages. His quiet books suggest meandering streams, flowing through woodland and pasture with wildflowers on the banks and birds singing in the trees overhead.

Burroughs was a stay-at-home naturalist. He sought his pleasures close to his own doorway. Like J. Henri Fabre, the humble French schoolmaster who became world-famous for his studies of insects on a few sun-scorched acres in Provence, he plowed the fields of the commonplace.

"The most precious things of life," he wrote, "are near at hand, without money and without price. Each of you has the whole wealth of the universe at your very doors. All that I ever had, and still have, may be yours by stretching forth your hand and taking it."

For nearly 80 years, readers have been turning to the tranquil books of John Burroughs. The volumes are relaxing and restful, but infinitely more. Their influence on earlier generations is almost beyond our comprehension today.

When Burroughs' first nature book, *Wake-Robin*, appeared in 1871, six years after the Civil War, it supplied a special need. At that

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time there were few natural-history books. There were no Audubon societies to stimulate interest in birds. There were no national wild-life-conservation groups to protect persecuted species.

Although the appreciation of nature for itself had found an earlier champion in Henry Thoreau, it was Burroughs' books that did most to stimulate interest in birds and wild-life on a national scale. For decades they were used widely as school texts. Stemming from them is much of the ever-growing modern appreciation of the outdoors, the spread of nature study in the schools.

No other outdoor writer, before or since, attained the popular acclaim of Burroughs. People rode as far as 1,000 miles to meet him. The President of the United States took him on a trip to Yellowstone Park. Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford invited him to go camping with them. Twenty thousand school children marched in his honor. The National Institute of Arts and Letters bestowed upon him its gold medal, and Yale and other institutions of higher learning conferred honorary degrees.

Yet John Burroughs' nine brothers and sisters could hardly write a grammatical sentence. They had no interest in books or education. His mother never looked into any of the five volumes her son published during her lifetime. His father thought all education beyond simple arithmetic was a waste of time. All his brothers became farmers, all his sisters became farmers' wives.

One of his sisters advised him not to write so much, as it was "bad for the head." His wife read one of his essays and said she liked parts, "they were real funny." Through most of his life, he followed a lonely road. But the world acclaimed him long before those around him did.

The unpainted farmhouse where Burroughs was born in 1837 still stands near the village of Roxbury, New York, in the western Catskills. Here he grew up, 50 miles from the nearest railroad, in a house devoid of books. It might well be assumed that these early beginnings contributed little to his later career. That assumption would be wrong.

Memories of the mountain farm, of his early days with nature, provided the lode he mined for many years. Almost every summer he returned to these scenes of his childhood. Even after he had built a house of his own at West Park on the Hudson, and had lived there for nearly half a century, he said he still "seemed to be camping away from home."

During Burroughs' latter years, Henry Ford bought the old homestead and presented it to his friend as a token of regard. There, in the haybarn, with a drygoods box for a table, a hammock slung nearby, and swallows flying in and out the open doors, Burroughs wrote his last books. And there, on the farm where he was born—84 years to the day after his birth—he was buried.

IN THE YEAR he was 17, Burroughs walked through a blizzard, carrying his clothes in a bag, to Olive, New York, and his first job, teaching school at $11 a month. There followed nearly a decade of country schoolteaching, once as far West as Illinois. During those years, Burroughs looked out on the green fields beyond the window more

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wistfully than did any of his pupils.

While at Olive, he married Ursula North, daughter of a prosperous farmer. She possessed all the practical, ambitious traits that Burroughs lacked. To her, his writing was mere self-indulgence. The more he succeeded in literature, the less she thought him a success. He wore old clothes, tramped the fields, and tracked in dirt. At times, he earned so little he was unable to provide a home for his wife, and she had to live with her parents.

One summer, they supplemented his slender income by picking raspberries at one cent a quart. Twice, Burroughs tried to find outside employment, but failed. It was in this dark period, in 1862, that he penned the one famous poem of his life, *Waiting*. Few lines have been reprinted more widely:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Those words, in truth, represent an essential characteristic of his outlook. Throughout life, he stayed his haste and made delays. He never pushed himself. He never wrote to a deadline. When he tired of writing, he quit—to wander in the woods or tend his grapevines.

Within a year after writing the poem, Burroughs' own began to come to him. Quitting teaching for a final time, he sought work in wartime Washington, and found a job with the Comptroller of Currency at $100 a month. He made the lasting friendship of Walt Whitman, the poet, and once, when sent abroad by the government, he met Thomas Carlyle and heard the skylarks sing.

His fortunes were on the mend. On what was then the northern edge of Washington, he constructed a square brick house that is still standing at 1332 V Street. There, Whitman often breakfasted on pancakes and maple syrup, while wheedling Mrs. Burroughs into baking pies for the wounded soldiers with whom he spent his days in the Washington hospitals.

FOR NEARLY a decade, Burroughs sat at a government desk, devoting his leisure time to writing. Finally, in 1871, came *Wake-Robin*, his first nature book and an almost-immediate success. It still ranks as one of the best of the 27 Burroughs books, reflecting his intense delight in the out-of-doors.

So engrossed was he in nature that he missed Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address to spend the day in Rock Creek Park, where he heard the white-throated sparrow sing and found wild poppies in a hollow tree. When he bought a cow, he led her home down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House and the Capitol. Many years later he rode down this same avenue in state with President Theodore Roosevelt at the start of their journey to Yellowstone.

During his decade of government employ, Burroughs saved his money to buy freedom. By 1873, this goal was reached. Midway between Kingston and Newburgh on the Hudson he purchased nine acres,

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set out a vineyard, built a house of his own design and, a few years later, reported to a friend that he had sent to market, that season, 20 tons of grapes and two ounces of manuscript.

Here, at Riverby, he spent most of the rest of his life, interrupting the placid flow of the years with trips to the Great Smokies and the White Mountains with Edison and Ford; to Jamaica with his son, Julian; to Alaska with the E. H. Harriman Expedition; to California, Florida, Hawaii, and England. Invariably on these trips he was homesick for familiar scenes.

To find a quiet place to work, Burroughs first built the Bark Study, a hundred yards from the house at Riverby. Its windows opened on a wide sweep of the Hudson, directly across which, at Hyde Park, Franklin D. Roosevelt was born several years after Burroughs sat down to work in his new surroundings. Later, Burroughs retreated still farther from distractions by building Slabsides, his rustic house in the woods, fitted with furniture he made himself. Here, with rabbits living under the floorboards and whippoorwills singing in the dusk, he could live the simple life he loved.

Half a century later, Slabsides is still a sanctuary. The sound of traffic is far away; the noise of politics remote. On repeated visits, I have always found it unchanged by a half-century of the greatest change the world has known.

"I am bound," he wrote in one book, "to praise the simple life because I have found it good." He went to bed at 9 and got up at 6. Of medium height, he retained his agility to an advanced age. At 76, he stood on his hands near the edge of a cliff and, at 81, he ascended an apple tree to put nuts in a hole for a favorite squirrel.

As his fame expanded with succeeding books, with his highly publicized trips with Ford and Roosevelt, visitors flocked to Slabsides. In spring they came in droves, as many as 100 on a week end. Vassar girls came en masse, leaving gloves and handkerchiefs behind. After Roosevelt followed the path to his door, the company swelled.

During these years, Burroughs posed for innumerable photographs, sat for a long list of paintings, had his bust done by several sculptors. His white beard and prophetlike appearance became familiar from coast to coast. Some visitors Burroughs classified as "sticking plasters," but, except for an occasional evidence of strain, he maintained the placid tenor of his ways.

Once, when he had pointed out a very obvious bird's nest beside the path, a gushing woman exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Burroughs, how *do* you keep your eyes so bright?"

"Ordinary stove polish, madam," the naturalist replied wearily.

At 76, he learned to drive a Ford. But in general, he distrusted newfangled inventions and warned other authors against the typewriter. So many of his chapters were written with a homemade cattail-stem pen that he thought of calling a collected edition of his works, "The Cattail Edition."

At the American Museum of Natural History in New York, you will find a greatcoat the naturalist made from woodchuck pelts. His war with the woodchucks was lifelong. He never relented in his effort

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to exterminate them at the old farm. Yet they survived him. The first animal I saw when I drove past the homestead pasture not long ago was a woodchuck sitting up beside its burrow.

A century ago, when Burroughs began the study of birds, there were no fieldglasses to make identification easy. He carried a cane-gun in his rambles about Washington, shooting the birds he wished to examine closely. As he grew older, he killed less and less until, in the end, he found pleasure in the woods only when he left his gun at home.

Burroughs' long life spanned the terms of 21 Presidents. Queen Victoria ascended the throne in the year of his birth; World War I was three years over when he died. He said he was a spectator rather than a participator in the times in which he lived. World events affected his physical life, but within, his interests continued the same.

"The longer I live," he wrote in *The Summit of the Years*, "the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world . . . I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the treetops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men. I am in love with this world."

Returning from California, in the spring of 1921, Burroughs died in his sleep only 12 hours short of the journey's end. His last entry in his journal was: "I hear the patter of rain." His last words were: "How far are we from home?"

Rain . . . home . . . those words were symbolical of his way of life, of the simple things he loved, of his abiding attachment to the place of his birth. Throughout his life, his pen set down words that drew readers away from the artificial to the natural. The feeling of many was expressed by Theodore Roosevelt when, in dedicating a book to Burroughs, he wrote:

"It is a good thing for our people that you have lived."

Intermission

AT THE OPERA, some years ago, a dowager was thrilled to discover that the occupant of the seat next to hers was Albert Einstein and that his companion was another learned physicist.

During the first intermission they didn't leave—so she didn't either. Unable to hear a word of their low conversation, she nevertheless did catch, from the corner of her eye, intricate goings on with a pencil on the back of an envelope. First Einstein seemed to be sketching some sort of mathematical formula. He passed it to his fellow-scientist who made a notation. This back-and-forth routine continued until the lady forsook her manners and frankly turned to see if she could get a close-up of a new theory of relativity or such.

The sages were playing tick-tack-toe. —STEPHEN MICHAELS

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The Town That Changed Its Mind

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

How a strange quirk of fate saved an Austrian village from destruction

NEVER BEFORE in its long, somnolent history had the little Austrian town of Braunau throbbed with such excitement. The time was May 1, 1945, and across the placid Inn River, the 13th U.S. Armored Division prepared methodically to blow Braunau off the map.

Beyond the dubious distinction of having been the birthplace of Adolf Hitler, nothing half so startling had ever happened to Braunau before. Now, ironically, the war set in motion by its native son threatened to raze the city to the ground.

Only the day before, the fast-moving American columns had reached the river and sent a demand to the citizens to surrender. Die-hard Nazis had blown up the bridge connecting Braunau with Simbach, where the Americans waited impatiently.

At 8 o'clock that morning, the mayor of Simbach rowed across the river with an ultimatum for his friend, the mayor of Braunau. "Surrender unconditionally by noon," it read, "or your town will be destroyed." The mayor added his own advice.

"Give up, my friends, as we have done," he said heavily. "What is the use of resisting? We have already lost the war."

The morning hours ticked by. Never had the sunlit Austrian landscape looked lovelier. Nine o'clock came and went. Ten . . . eleven . . . eleven-thirty.

At a quarter to twelve, three American artillery batteries zeroed on the town and waited for the signal to open fire. The minutes ticked swiftly by.

At three minutes to twelve, three men climbed hastily into a boat on the Braunau side and began to row madly towards the Americans. From the boat they screamed fran-

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tically: "Wait, wait—don't fire—Braunau surrenders!"

That afternoon, American tanks lumbered through the sleepy streets of the town. Of the do-or-die resistance once promised, there was no trace. The garrison itself had melted away. What had happened in Braunau that desperate morning?

THE GERMAN COMMANDER, a fanatical Nazi, had planned a last-ditch stand. In vain the worried burghers pleaded with him to save the town from destruction. When they staged a demonstration in the square, he marched in at the head of his troops and denounced the townsfolk.

"You will be disgraced before the world if you give up without a fight!" he shouted. "Braunau is everlastingly famous because it was the birthplace of our beloved Fuehrer. For the honor of his name, we must defend it to the last brick!"

The citizens began to wonder. "Maybe he is right," they muttered to one another. "It *would* be a disgrace to surrender Braunau."

Suddenly, from the edge of the crowd, came a thin, quavering voice. "Adolf Hitler brought us no fame by being born here. He brought us nothing but misery. He is no good . . . he was no good from the beginning. You know that I speak the truth. Let us surrender!"

The voice was that of a little old woman known to every burgher. As her words died away, a noisy clamor arose. "Who are we to disagree?" . . . "Why should we worry about the Fuehrer's honor?" . . .

Swiftly the mood of the crowd changed. Somebody jabbed a gun in the back of the commander and led him away. His troops broke ranks and drifted into side streets. The mayor and two aides rushed to the river—and Braunau was saved. By a quirk of circumstances, Hitler's birthplace capitulated the very day the news of his own death flashed round the world.

The little old woman who had brought about the surrender shuffled back to her home, content to know that she had ended a story she herself had begun 56 years before. For it was then that Frau Rosa Hörl, in her capacity as town midwife, had delivered Adolf Hitler to the world.

Who's Who (Answer to puzzle on page 88)

Robinson is the fireman, Smith is the engineer, Jones is the brakeman. Here's how:

The brakeman's nearest neighbor cannot be B. Jones, because, earning $5,000 a year, B. Jones does not earn three times what the brakeman earns. Neither can it be B. Robinson, because he lives in Toronto; the brakeman living *midway* between Toronto and Montreal could not have a "nearest" neighbor in either city.

B. Smith, therefore, must be the brakeman's nearest neighbor and must live elsewhere than Montreal. B. Jones, then, must be the one who lives in Montreal; so the brakeman's name is Jones.

Since Jones is the brakeman, and Smith beat the fireman at billiards, Smith must be the engineer and Robinson the fireman.

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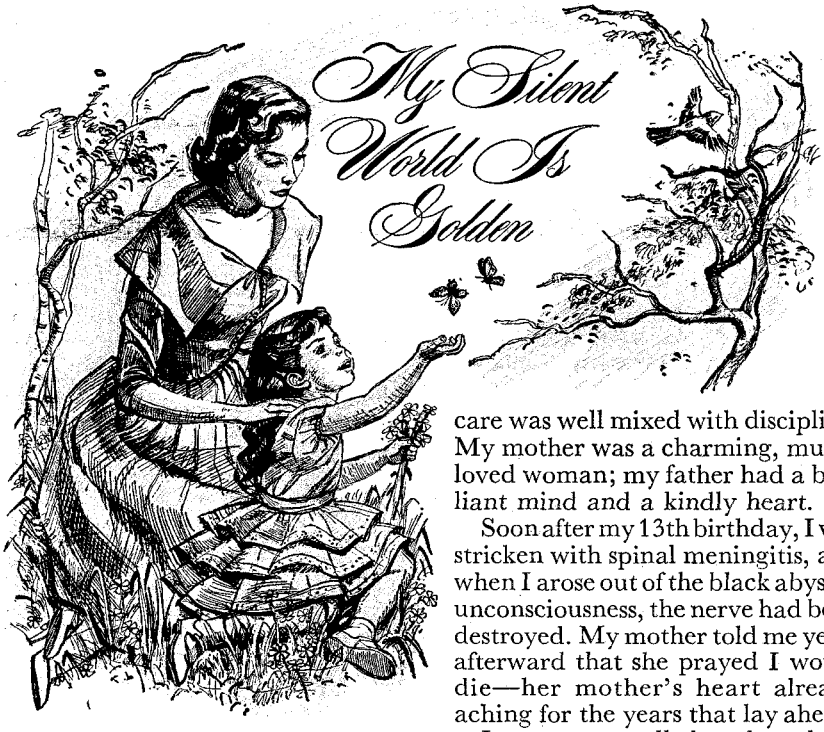

by DANA PETTIBONE KOTTS

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO, when I was a girl of 13, I lost my hearing, wholly and completely. There was no warning, no gradual fade-out. As a room is plunged into darkness by the click of a light switch, so was I plunged into a silent world by the death of a nerve.

It has been a silence sometimes brassy, sometimes cold as iron, often truly golden. If the song of the robin has passed me by, the woodpecker hammering away on the roof in the early morning hours has not wakened me, either.

I was reared in a comfortable, well-ordered home, where loving care was well mixed with discipline. My mother was a charming, much-loved woman; my father had a brilliant mind and a kindly heart.

Soon after my 13th birthday, I was stricken with spinal meningitis, and when I arose out of the black abyss of unconsciousness, the nerve had been destroyed. My mother told me years afterward that she prayed I would die—her mother's heart already aching for the years that lay ahead.

I was not appalled at the calamity that had befallen me. Rather, I felt very much the center of attraction. That there were hard days ahead, and an entirely new world for me to conquer, never even entered my mind.

As my strength returned, my parents made an immediate and fateful resolve for me—one that created the foundation of the normal life I have today. They decided that I should go on, exactly as I had been, among hearing people and normal contacts, and lip reading was to bridge the gap.

In furthering this resolve, we met one of the most wonderful women I have ever known—Dr. Gertrude Van Adestine, then principal of the

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Detroit Day School for the Deaf. She was an early crusader for having nonhearing children constantly associate with their hearing counterparts.

From Dr. Van Adestine, I learned the rudiments of lip reading; I came to know the shape of vowels, of consonants, and finally of sentences, on the lips. Hours spent with her were supplemented by talking to members of my family, and before a mirror. As I went into high school in 1914, I spent each afternoon at her school, in lip-reading classes.

It was a rugged life, that first year, for my mother and dad. I was always headstrong and willful, but they laid down for me a first and vital mandate—just because you can't hear is no reason you can't do, but all the more reason you have to do. This law still guides my life and is an indomitable force whenever I would rather take the easier path.

Their second law for me was that I must never trade on my affliction. From this training, and the long, long thoughts of youth, I gradually built a philosophy of life without which no afflicted person can long survive. I soon came to see that there are more roads than one out of the wilderness, and that the shortest is usually the hardest.

High school was no bed of roses. I was face to face with the fact that I could not hear, and I longed with soul-searing urgency to be just like my contemporaries. Finally the four years were over and the decision for me to attend the state university was momentous. From the day I landed on the campus a new world opened up, and I flew on wings of joy and light for the next four years.

Here my associates were more mature young men and women. They no longer regarded me with that bug-on-a-pin look, but were interested in what I was trying to do. Those were the years that set the tempo for my whole life since.

I had my share of fun as well as work at the university, and more than my share of dates. An inborn zest for companionship made friendships easy, and my ego made participation in extracurricular activities a foregone conclusion.

During junior year, while spending a week end at the home of my roommate, I met the man I later married, the one perfect man in all the world for me. We recently celebrated our silver wedding anniversary, and looking back on all these years of joy and sorrow, forging ahead and rearing two adored daughters, I know deep in my heart that his has been the patience that passeth all understanding.

Ours has been a deep and abiding love, and never has he spoken of the inconveniences that living with a deafened person entails. I try to convince myself that he never notices it, but after all, it is ever-present and an indisputable fact.

LIP READING is my wonderful aid toward a normal existence. And what is lip reading? Nothing more nor less than the age-old practice of nature to force a good part to take up the slack of an injured one. It is simply that the thought impulse now travels to the brain over the visual sensors rather than the hearing ones as heretofore. An entirely new path to the brain is set up and strengthened by daily use.

That is why it is so much easier for a completely deaf person to

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read lips than for one who is merely hard-of-hearing. In the latter instance, there is continual conflict between the visual and aural reactions. The eyes and the ears war with each other. A person facing gradual loss of hearing will therefore be more greatly benefited by a hearing aid so long as a shred of hearing remains.

Lip reading can be broken down scientifically into vowel, consonant, and word groups. Their shape on the lips is learned by practice and repetition in very much the same manner as we learn words in the first grade, but by watching the lips instead of the blackboard. One word alone is very difficult. Without association with other words in a sentence, the whole structure of lip reading threatens to collapse, and I have to go back into vowel and consonant consideration—very much like figuring out a mathematical equation.

Proper names are real stickers! In the first place, they do not conform to ordinary word rules; secondly, they have no handy synonyms. Mostly I leave names until such time as they can be written down for me.

A sentence usually takes care of itself. Association of words, expression of face and eyes all tend to simplify everything. People who wear glasses are my nemesis. Light reflects from the lens, and everything goes haywire.

It is difficult to say how long it takes to become a good lip reader. An adult, familiar with words and word sounds, should be able to master the fundamentals in a few months' intensive work. This means several hours daily with another person or before a mirror. After this, every conversation is a lesson.

I've done a lot of observing along the quiet path I've traveled. I've agreed and disagreed with much that's been written concerning the deafened population of the world. One person wrote at great length on the futility of a deafened person's trying to join in general conversation. Violently I disagree, for this is one of those normal contacts imperative to a full life.

Of course, I miss a lot, but whatever I gain is worth the effort, for I find that partaking in general conversation is a great help in overcoming one frailty of mine. That is a feeling of unreality that often besets me, an uneasy awareness of skimming the surface and not reacting to an emotional experience as deeply as I should.

Looking at this more closely, I know the nuances of the voice give feeling to the statement, and this is what I miss. The expression of the eyes helps a great deal in overcoming it. That is why a goodly percentage of lip reading is eye reading.

I read all the papers every day, many of the current magazines, and all the good books I have time for. Lip reading is much simpler if one has a working knowledge of current topics of conversation beforehand.

I have been asked so many times if I can read the lips of the characters in a moving picture that I am inclined to regard the question as polite conversation. I can—if they face the camera and are not too far back.

I am overjoyed with television. It is impossible for me to get all the talking, but there is always a picture that gives at least a general

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idea of what is going on. As against radio being a total loss to me all these years, TV is at least 75 per cent efficient as a source of entertainment and enlightenment.

My voice takes a great deal of watching. It stands to reason that any person who cannot hear his own voice will quickly find it degenerating into a monotone devoid of expression. My mother and father worked on this constantly, and my husband and the two girls have carried on.

I do not have any particular trouble in doing my shopping either downtown or in local stores, though I imagine there are a lot of salespeople who would tell you that I am a rude woman. This is because there are times when I do not feel like going into my life history with someone I will probably never see again. So I try on a dress and say, "Take it off, I don't like it," quite ignoring any sales talk going on where I can't see it.

On one side of the ledger, my world of silence pays off exceedingly well. I can read with equanimity in the midst of chaos or blaring radio. I can play bridge calmly and sometimes efficiently in a room full of chattering women. I can sleep in all kinds of din.

Someone wrote not long ago of the things he would like to hear if granted only a few minutes of hearing. I do not let myself dwell too long on how much I would like to hear my husband's voice, and his laugh. Next I would like to hear the two girls. And then, I would surely like to hear a good piece of present-day music.

They were playing *Alexander's Ragtime Band* when I lost my hearing and, as I remember, it was a stimulating number. But judging from some of the gyrations on the dance floor today, they have come a long way since.

SHOULD A DEAFENED PERSON have children? This is a question that has often been put to me, and my answer is emphatically yes, providing the deafness is not hereditary. I can think of no greater boon to the life of a deafened person than the presence of children in the home.

People say, "How did you have the courage?" It seems to me it was something quite apart from courage that caused me to want and have our children. Our lives could not have been so full without the serious panorama of a child's progress unfolding day by day.

Every adult mind needs the challenge of young and abundant life to keep it on its toes. They, in turn, have learned to be more thoughtful of everyone through the added thoughtfulness they have had to give me. Early in life they put themselves on an honor system of their own not to take unfair advantage of me in any way, and this in itself was conducive to strong character building. We have had wonderful times together and their accolade to me is that I am a "screwball"—in the lexicon of youth, a compliment indeed!

I have had a gloriously full and happy life, and I hope this story will show enough of the forces that made it that way to help baffled parents with a deaf or deafened child. You can do so much to smooth his path.

Give him all the love you can. Give him a sense of security strong

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enough to give him self-assurance. Give him all the education you can possibly afford. The public schools for the deaf, especially in the beginning, are as fine as the private schools, and give him the added advantage of living at home.

Go to school yourself, and learn how to help him with his lip reading and his voice. A few weeks of daily observation at any school for the deaf will enable an intelligent parent to carry on the work at home.

Study child psychology so that you will be there to meet him in his frustrations. Give him his pep talks when he is up, not when he is down. I well remember how, when I would be utterly discouraged about some phase of school life and quite ready to throw in the towel, Mother would tuck me in at night and say, "It's all right, darling, give it up," and I would go to sleep on that. In the morning, it would be another day, the sun would be shining, and I was ready for anything.

My parents taught me from the beginning that there was One who was always present in time of trouble or discouragement. They taught me to take each day as it came and to say at the close of that day, "I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and I know that Thou hearest me always."

This has been my bulwark against all sorrow, my paean of thanks for all joy. From this I have drawn that second wind, that little extra spurt of courage, that being different in this world demands.

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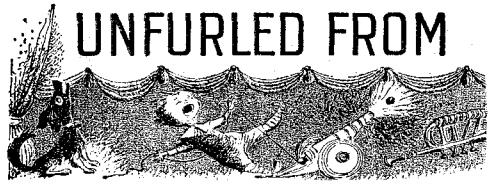

Filmland Fables

The ten most dramatic sounds in films, according to recording engineers at Warner Bros. studios, are: baby's first cry, warning blast of a siren, thunder of breakers on a rocky shore, roar and crackle of a forest fire, sound of a foghorn, slow dripping of water, galloping of horses, a distant train whistle, howling of a dog, and the Wedding March!

—Fred Ottinger

Alfred Hayes, author of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, has spent time as a screen writer between novels. When he was packing to leave Hollywood for New York, his agent phoned to say he had a contract ready for signature which would raise Hayes' weekly stipend from $600 to $750.

Hayes said he wasn't interested but listened patiently while the agent tried to persuade him to stay. Outraged at Hayes' determination to escape the Gold Coast, the agent finally exploded: "What's the matter with you—do you want to be a $600-a-week bum all your life?"

—Irving Hoffman

At a Los Angeles recital, Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, met Darryl Zanuck and was cynical about Zanuck's assertion that he would make biographical films about some of the great men of music whom Rosenthal had known and studied with—including Wagner and Liszt.

"I'll bet you $10 right now that I know what such a picture would be like," Rosenthal scoffed. "Don Ameche would play the part of Liszt, and he would be unsuccessful as a composer until he met Alice Faye. Then she'd happen to hum a tune which gives him the idea for the *Hungarian Rhapsody*."

Zanuck pulled out a $10 bill and handed it to the pianist.

"So you admit I was right?" Rosenthal gloated.

"No," said Zanuck, "but the idea's worth at least $10."

—Leonard Lyons

Dudley Field Malone, who played the part of Winston Churchill in *Mission to Moscow* some years ago, was subject to a great amount of ribbing as a result of his appearance in that role.

"You seemed to get such a kick out of the part," remarked a friend. "Was it because for the moment you thought you were actually Churchill?"

"No, it wasn't that," explained Malone. "What tickled me was that I was the first Irishman who was ever Prime Minister of England."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Radio Repeats

"May I have your autograph," a fan asked a movie star, "or would I embarrass you by asking you to write?"

—Red Skelton

The master of ceremonies, interviewing a pretty young woman on

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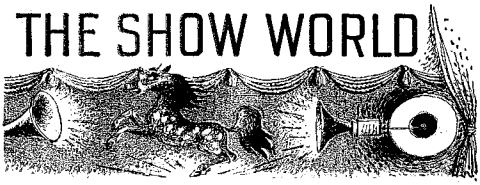
THE SHOW WORLD



the program, was especially fascinated by her hat. In order to describe it to his listeners, he thought he'd draw a comparison.

"Her hat," he told his audience, "reminds me of a rug in Hedy Lamarr's bedroom."

At which the quick-witted contestant reddened his face with: "Aren't you the lucky one!"

—*Walter O'Keefe Show*

"I have three sons at college," a man told Bob Hope. "One is at LSU, another's at UCLA, and a third is at Vassar."

"But Vassar's a girls' school," Bob said, puzzled.

"No wonder he never comes home for vacations." —*Bob Hope Show* (NBC)

Tele Tattle

My son is a true member of the new TV generation. When he first saw a radio he ran from the room screaming, "Momma, there's a little box that talks and it hasn't any face!"

—*Sam Levenson Show* (CBS)

Jimmy Nelson, the ventriloquist, recalls the TV gal singer who had an embarrassing experience—her gown kept slipping up. —Earl Wilson

Fan Fare

After Shelley Winters had given John Garfield four resounding slaps in a scene for a picture, John quietly asked, "Have you looked at page 121 of the script?"

"No," replied Shelley. "Why?"

"Well," said John, "on page 121 I slap *you*." —*American Hebrew*

Onstage

Glenn Hunter, the actor, a friend of Tallulah Bankhead, once left her dressing room visibly shaken. He explained, "I just spent an hour talking to Tallulah a few minutes."

—Sidney Skolsky

Airlines

Before a camera you do a lot of things you wouldn't do in real life.

—Gloria Swanson

The recipe for an old cold remedy begins like this: "Take the juice of one quart of whiskey . . ."

—Arthur Godfrey

Skiing is wonderful exercise for women, and you know why? Because it makes them look so much younger. After a day outdoors on skis, a woman of 40 looks just like a man of 30. —Herb Shriner

With the Critics

I don't know what Mr. Harry Truman thinks of the compositions of Sibelius, but I am certain he shares his philosophy.

Once, when a young musician's concert was poorly received by the critics, Sibelius patted him gently on the shoulder. "Remember, son," he consoled the young man, "there is no city anywhere in the world where they have erected a statue to a critic." —Hy Gardner

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The Dog Business Is Here to Stay

by DICKSON HARTWELL

Keeping Fido healthy, happy, and handsome costs Americans a billion dollars a year!

OFFICIALS OF Swift & Company were meeting two decades ago to discuss a delicate and top-secret problem: should Swift market a prepared dog food?

Some contended that for Swift to sell dog food would be like Tiffany offering horse collars. But the Depression was on. New markets were vital. After long debate, it was decided to organize the Pard Food Company and never to reveal its connection with Swift. Officials hoped sales might total 500,000 pounds a year.

The half-million mark was passed the first year. The following year, sales doubled; then increased sixfold; then doubled and doubled again. During this skyrocketing, company officials, beaming but still apprehensive of public reaction, decided to take a chance on putting the Swift name on the back of the label in tiny letters. Within a year it was on the front panel and Pard became so popular that in another two years the Swift name was being featured.

Sales climbed to scores of millions of pounds a year. Now proud officials are thinking of calling it simply Swift's Dog Food.

In the booming dog business, this meteoric rise is typical. Clarence F. Gaines, an obscure miller's son, experimented with feed for his pointers. Neighbors first borrowed it, then bought it. Gaines, too, was amazed at the number of people with hungry dogs. Soon, he was one of the world's largest makers of dry dog food, and retired to a farm estate in Kentucky.

Such success stories are possible because more people are crazy about more dogs than anybody ever dreamed possible. Hardheaded

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executives still find it difficult to believe that dogs are really big business. Not long ago in Cincinnati, officials of the Drackett Company, makers of such diverse products as Windex and Drano, were wondering whether there would be a major market for a new dog "candy" pellet called Charge.

One executive said he didn't think people really spent money on dogs. "I'll bet there aren't a half-dozen veterinarians in all of Cincinnati," he said. Somebody reached for a telephone directory. There were 35. Amazed, Drackett now sells Charge country-wide through grocery stores.

The fact is, our dog population has skyrocketed to 22,000,000, a jump of 2,000,000 in less than five years. In recent times the number of pet shops has more than doubled. The people who own dogs—and almost half of all U.S. families do—are spending nearly a billion dollars a year on such things as dog beauty parlors, licenses, training, races, medicine, showing, admiring, and funerals. The funerals are no jest. There are many pet cemeteries where burial costs $50 or more, and some of them have served thousands of dog lovers.

Dogs enter literally every phase of human activity. They have been beneficiaries of wills, committed suicide, worn false teeth, parachute-jumped, and been buried with military honors. There are dog dude ranches, hospitals, schools, and hotels, some air conditioned. There is even a dog "Nobel" prize—$1,000 to anyone who can cure a half-dozen canine ailments.

Moreover, near Philadelphia, there is a canine adoption service. A physician and his wife were driving one winter night and saw a stray collie puppy shivering in a doorway. They took it home and named it Francis. When it eventually died, they established the Francisvale Home for Smaller Animals at Radnor. Thousands of homeless dogs have been rehabilitated there and placed for adoption with dogless families.

Even the social status of dogs has improved. A few years ago, most hotels turned away guests with pooches. This year, a directory compiled by the Gaines Dog Research Center lists 3,381 hotels and motels where dogs are welcome.

THE BIGGEST SINGLE SLICE of the dog business is preparing food, which accounts for $175,000,000 retail sales a year. Practically every grocery and super-market handles some dog food, and there are literally hundreds of brands, including Dash, Gaines, Strongheart, Gro-Pup, Red Heart, Milk Bone, Ken-L-Ration, and Ideal.

The major milling companies and meat packers have added dog foods to their regular lines. One company cans its product with three distinct flavors: beef, fish, and cheese, on the theory that a pooch's palate is jaded after eating the same old thing day after day.

Another burgeoning aspect of the dog business is cleaning and grooming. Dog beauty shops are everywhere. When ex-Wac Norma Hahn set out to earn a post-World War II living, she discussed a number of possibilities with her friend Ruth Murray, librarian at Wayne University, Detroit. Like most people starting out, Miss Hahn had little

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capital, but she wanted to be in business for herself. A dog beauty parlor seemed the answer. With Miss Murray as the silent partner, she took over an old four-car garage on Detroit's east side and opened her "Doggie Wash" in 1946.

Dogs must not only be smart-looking; they must be well-mannered. Since 1945, literally hundreds of training classes and schools have been established. In most of them, the owner gets a course of training along with his dog, and learns the rules of simple obedience. The classes may be held in a high-school gym or town hall in the evening, and may cost a dollar a week for a ten-lesson course.

Some training schools are "universities," taking only resident students. One of the largest, New England's Canine College, is operated by John M. Behan and a staff of seven trainers. Behan taught war dogs for the K-9 Corps during World War II, and opened a 100-pupil establishment in Connecticut in 1945, and a branch in New York. Dogs are enrolled for eight weeks' intensive instruction for a tuition of $120; the minimum board bill brings the total to $204.

Since Behan specializes in dogs with personality and habit problems, he has no standard curriculum but adapts his course to fit the individual. A dog confused by traffic, for example, is trained with special recordings of traffic noises as sound effects. Graduates can have a red-and-white pennant to be tacked up in the kennel. It reads: "Canine College."

People who spend money on training or grooming don't mind buying gadgets, and an incalculable variety of accessories has come on the market, ranging from gag fireplugs to handmade collars at $100 each. This vast new business has been built up almost overnight. One of the largest accessory distributors, Reliance Pet Supply, Incorporated, in New York, wasn't even operating seven years ago. Now Reliance supplies a line of 150 gadgets to some 4,000 outlets, many of whom have been in business less than five years.

NOT ONLY THE vast increase in the number of dogs, but the steady increase in their value has created another substantial service. Some show dogs like twice-Westminster champion My Own Brucie couldn't be bought for any amount.

However, many dogs are sold for $200 to $500, and when such animals become ill, regardless of owner sentiment and affection, their treatment is a serious matter. So animal hospitals are being opened everywhere. None surpasses the world's largest, the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, which is to canines and other pets what the Mayo Clinic is to humans. Dogs are sent to Angell Memorial, which is a charitable institution, from all over the country.

A recent check-up of patients showed a spitz with dermatitis, a paralyzed Irish setter from New York, a terrier from Arizona with encephalitis, a spaniel from North Carolina with eczema, a retriever from Nova Scotia with furunculosis, and a Skye terrier from Ohio with an advanced case of pregnancy. The "maternity ward" at Angell Memorial is often busy.

Although skill abounds in this

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philanthropic hospital, its only real luxury is its ultramodern scientific equipment. With its Springfield branch, it provides 575 "beds," each a large and separate cage. It has an excellent X-ray room, a separate Department of Pathology, and the only closed-off distemper ward anywhere. Ward rounds are made every six hours and to certain patients every three hours, by nurses with medical charts. New "miracle" drugs are in common use.

The hospital operates its own school for internes, who come from as far away as Europe and South Africa. The skill at Angell Memorial is high, but President Dr. Eric H. Hansen keeps its rates low. "With a staff of 94, our budget exceeds $300,000 a year," he says. "Much of it must come from voluntary contributions."

The man who sets out to breed dogs for profit may be due for an expensive lesson. Almost anyone who can add and multiply can make a handsome profit breeding dogs on paper. But in the actual process something always seems to go haywire, as several thousand amateur breeders have discovered to their increasing insolvency. Nevertheless, as long as they continue to produce purebred pups, the dog handlers will continue to do a substantial business.

As many as 3,000 animals are benched in a single dog show, and one handler may be showing a dozen different breeds, hopping from ring to ring throughout the day and evening. Most of the handlers also board, train, and condition dogs, and the top half dozen earn $25,000 a year.

Dean of U.S. handlers—who has now graduated to what he says is the easy life of professional judging—is Percy Roberts of Stamford, Connecticut, who in 40 years has watched dog fanciers grow from a handful of the socially elite to include just about everybody.

"Everybody's got a show dog now," says Roberts, "and everybody wants to show it. We once had only two important shows in all New England in the entire summer. Now we hold two a week. And," he adds seriously, "the dog business is still in its infancy."

In his spare time, Roberts advises breeders on which of their gangling young puppies are likely to become winners. He is credited with picking more champions than anybody else in the business. Roberts is one of 65 people in the country who are rated by the American Kennel Club as competent to judge any of the 111 recognized breeds.

By its authority to pass upon the qualification of judges for shows held under its rules, and to accept or reject most purebred dogs for registration, the American Kennel Club is the undisputed kingpin of the dog business. In its spacious New York headquarters are kept the family trees of pedigreed dogs. Other groups like the American Field and the United Kennel Club register special breeds, too.

Showing dogs has become big business itself, and a major show may represent an expenditure of $70,000. Most of the important shows are put on by George F. Foley of Philadelphia, who manufactures 75 per cent of all the ribbons awarded to prize winners—500,000 a year—and is equipped to provide facilities for several thousand dogs and many

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more thousand people on just a few days' notice.

Another whopping aspect of the dog business is publishing. Seven years ago, enterprising Milo Denlinger of Washington, D. C., started writing and publishing books on dogs. Already he has brought out some 200,000 copies of 48 titles, including a reprint of the first dog book ever written—in 1576.

Also, there are 36 dog magazines. Most successful is *Dog World*, purchased by Capt. Will Judy in 1922 for $1,200. Its circulation has more than doubled in ten years, and Judy has turned down an offer of $450,000 for the publication. Every club has a publication, many of them with names like *The Wagging Tail*, *The St. Bernard Cask*, and, for Irish setters, *Tails to Be Red*.

What's behind the dog boom? The answer is simple. In this tumultuous world, more and more people are discovering that they cannot live very well for very long without love. And the unreasoning devotion of a good dog for a good master nobly enriches human experience.

Deft Descriptions

A SMALL BOY came into the room where his mother was entertaining some friends and, smiling a bit sheepishly, said, "Mother, my pants sat down in a puddle!"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

NOT LONG AGO, Leo Durocher, manager of the New York Giants, was introduced to Greta Garbo. After the meeting, Durocher remarked to a friend: "She's a fine woman. I sure wish she could play third base." —LESTER A. BACH

SHE LOOKS like a million dollars—after taxes. —CHARLIE MCCARTHY

HE'S SO conceited he joined the Navy to let the world see *him*.—FRANK FORD

A CURVE is a straight line after too many cocktails. —*Wall Street Journal*

A TEN-YEAR-OLD Seattle youth who earns spending money salvaging bottles from refuse heaps and selling them to dealers made a discovery most of us don't make until we are much further along in years, if ever. Not long ago, in his quest for salable empties, he found $200. Turning it over to the police, he observed: "This is the richest I've ever been. But I don't feel any different." —JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

A WOLF WHISTLE is like a train whistle. You like to hear one even though you're not going any place.

—ELOISE MCELHONE

DENNY, three, and Davey, four, were playing in another room while I was busy with my kitchen chores. Not very surprisingly, the play turned into argument, with Denny finally calling out pleadingly to his brother, "Don't, Davey! Don't, Davey." After repeated pleading, apparently in vain, he trotted into the kitchen and with heartbreak in his voice cried, "Mommy, Davey won't don't!" —MRS. LEO W. MILLER

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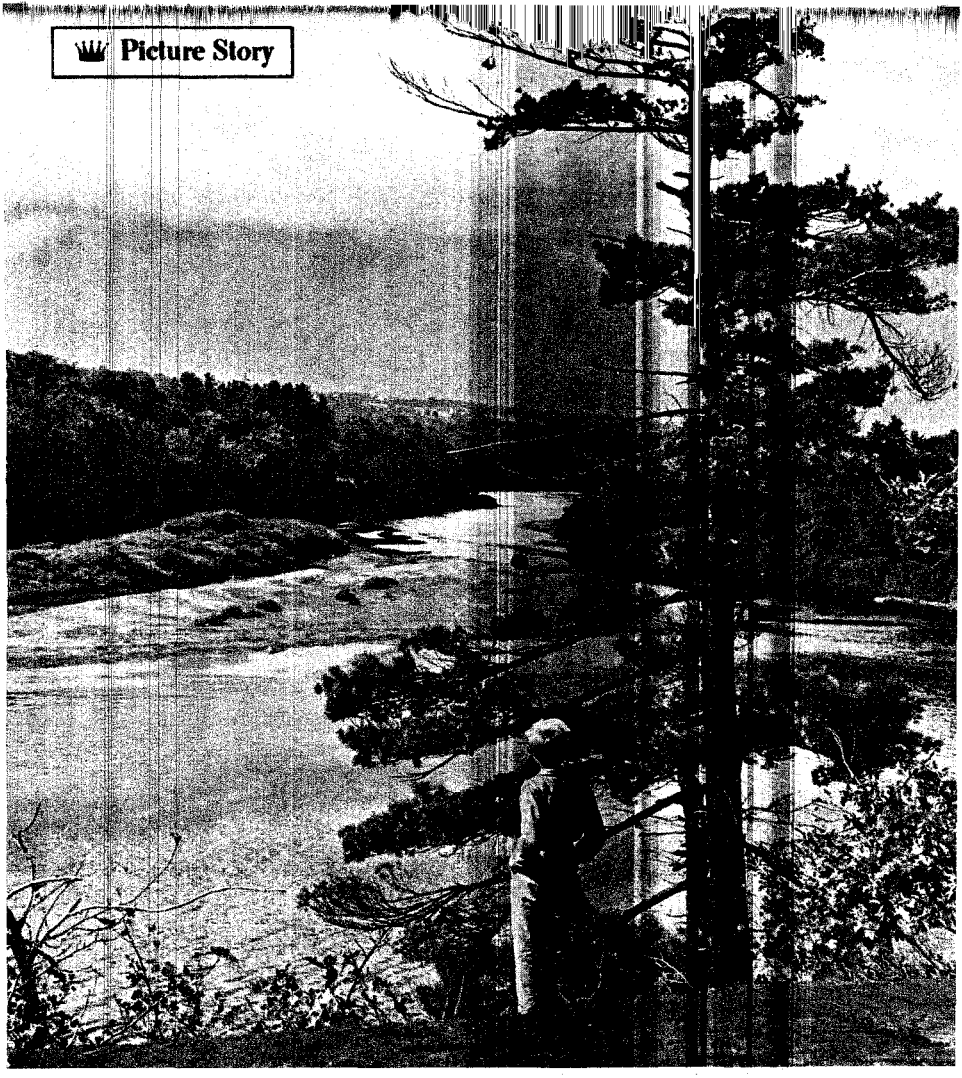
Picture Story



A BOY IS BORN AGAIN

I came home today, to the town where I was born. Twelve years have passed since I went away, but the valley is the same: green and fresh with the growth of spring, and reaching far to the horizon. And then, as I stood there on the gentle rise from which I had watched that sweeping river bottom a thousand times before, suddenly nothing was changed at all—not even I. For a little while, I was a boy again.

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winter morning, long ago. I ran through the snow to catch
my classmates, a little frightened by the darkness and the
›ty fields. The wind whined through the fence rails; I shiv-
thought of the cheery fire in the schoolroom, three miles away.

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Yet in the afternoon's clear c
frosty beauty, looked like th
stood dark and bare against
snow that almost buried the

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My friends were the warm, granite-faced men who knew little of the notions and theories of the cities. Yet, to each of my endless questions, they had a patient answer and, as I listened to their tales of other days, other valleys, I discovered a world of wonder and magic.

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Everything was a little magical in my childhood. Bringing in the firewood was a game calling for daring skill, superhuman strength. I enlisted the help of the kids next door. We pushed and strained and finished breathless—but could hardly wait to do it again next day.

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Twice a week, the Limited swept through town and, down at the junction, a cluster of wide-eyed boys were at hand to watch that roaring giant, to wave to the engineer. Where had it been? Where was it going? In the gathering sunset, I felt a boy's first longing for faraway places.

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I sat in the harness maker's shop and listened to his talk: his fa
had been a harness maker in this town, and his grandfather. "V
will your son be one, too?" I asked, and his eyes seemed to cl
"Times are changing," he said softly, and then bent to his lea

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I lay in the warm sun with a new book, hardly noticing the passing hours. I was swept away to a fantastic world of slashing sabers. I raced through space and time. I was with Wellington at Waterloo . . .

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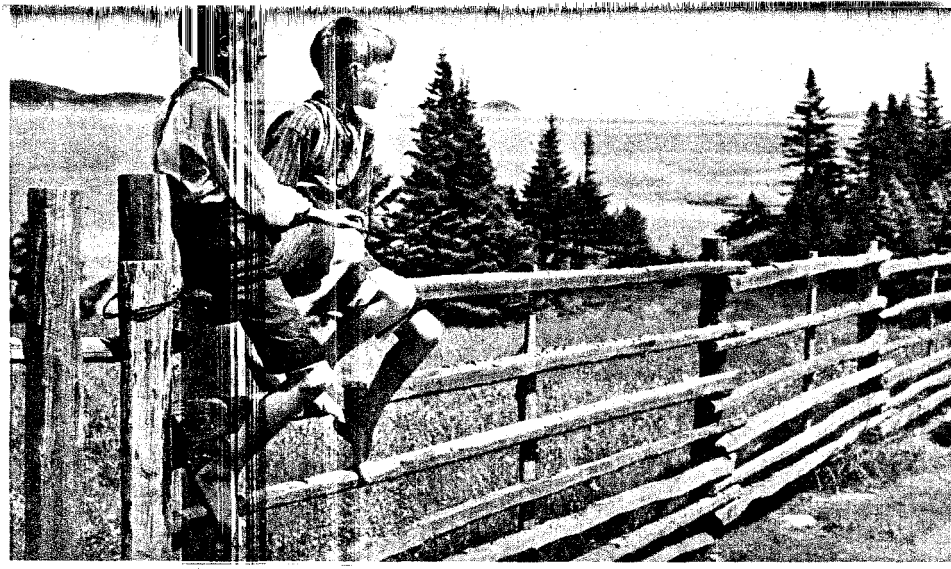

I ran up the hill and sat, breathless but at peace. One day I brought my friend to the secret retreat and we solemnly pledged eternal friendship. Where has he gone, this friend? Does he remember . . . ?

. . . Does he know that I spoke his name in my prayers for years afterward?

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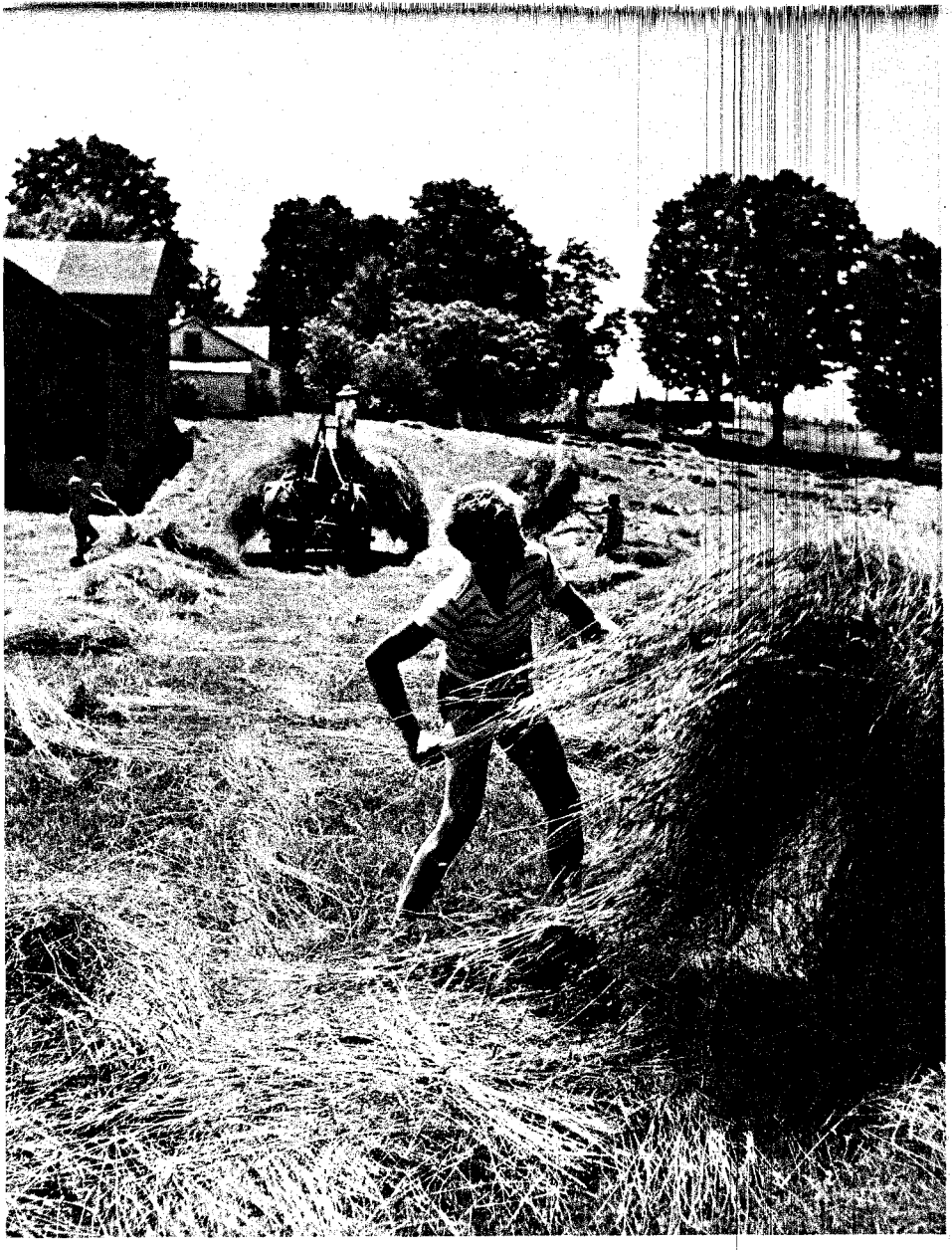

The summer days flew. It was haying time and I pitched forkful-for-forkful with the men. I stopped to mop my brow, remembering another haying. "You are too young to help," they told me then, and I watched from the barn roof, hiding the hot tears in my eyes . . .

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. . . and forgot them by evening in the glow of the season's first bonfire, the shared anticipation of that first taste of roasting corn.

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With autumn's chill, the men drifted down to the general store, and the boys, too. It was full of men's talk and warmth, of faded circus pictures, of penknives and dried apricots. I used to think that when I got rich I would buy everything stocked in that fabulous place.

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This, then, was the town where I was a boy—was it really a decade and more ago? I walked slowly past the frame houses, a barely remembered visitor from long ago. Yes, the faces were older, but I knew them well. They were a part of my boyhood, and I smiled at them.

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My step quickened. There, in a farmyard, stood a man and a girl, but I saw only a little boy on a rail fence high above the valley. "We'll always be friends," he told me, and I nodded. Now, the same intensity was in his eyes as he took my hand, and I knew he remembered.

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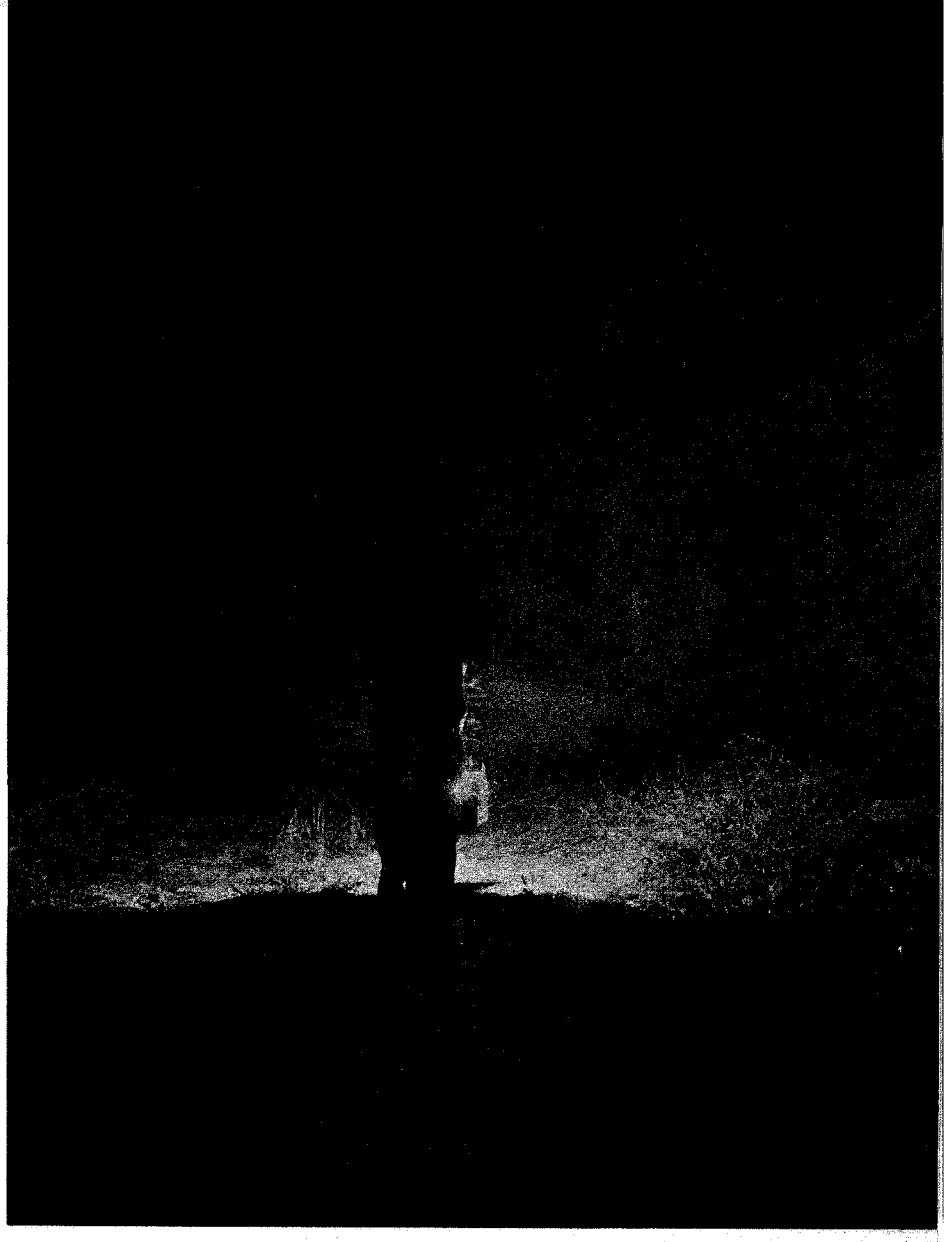

I watched him as he went out to milk the cows, his lantern bobbing, the steam from his breath hanging in the cold night air. I had traveled far and I had seen the great cities. I had been away a long, long time, but tonight I knew why I had come back to this valley of my past.

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The last evening of my visit, I stood on the hill above the town with someone who loves this valley as I do. We looked out over the places of my boyhood, and she asked, "Have you ever thought of coming back here to live?" In the twilight I smiled. "Yes, and someday I will."

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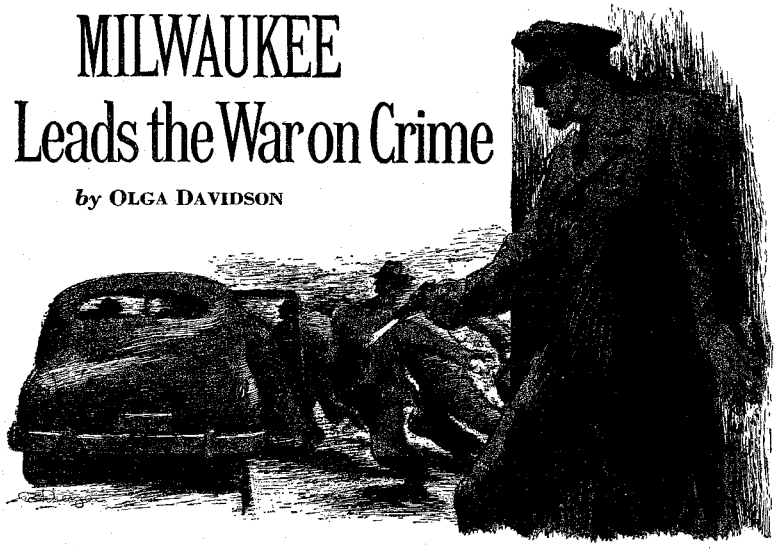
MILWAUKEE Leads the War on Crime

by OLGA DAVIDSON



Its police department and its vigilant citizens work hand in hand for the good of all

A CAR PULLS UP before the office of a large Milwaukee dairy. Four men get out and go inside, leaving a fifth at the wheel. All quite regular and commonplace. Nevertheless, a passing citizen steps into the corner drugstore and phones police headquarters.

He is listened to courteously while he explains that for several reasons the men look suspicious to him. Minutes later police cars arrive.

In the gun battle that follows, one holdup man and one policeman are killed, and two patrolmen are wounded. The police capture one of the thugs, but the other three vanish in the proverbial hail of bullets. Quickly, all avenues of escape from the city are blocked, but the robbers apparently make a clean getaway.

The Milwaukee Police Department does not believe so, however. While it goes methodically about the search for them, it keeps an ear cocked expectantly.

Within 24 hours the hoped-for phone call comes. Another vigilant citizen reports that three odd-appearing persons—who don't exactly seem to belong—have moved into a shabby rooming house in the neighborhood.

Police surround the address—the case is closed. And on the record goes another example of the operation of the simple, yet complicated, pattern of procedure which has earned the Milwaukee Police Department a rating among the top American police systems and Milwaukee itself praise from top officials as the most crime-free metrop-

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olis of its size in the entire nation.

What are the reasons for this city's proud achievement? Does it have a secret formula that halts a crime before it is committed? Are its citizens all paragons? Or is there some other explanation of how a community of 633,000—subject to all the tensions and troubles of modern urban life—has learned to observe so punctiliously the law by which it has voted to live?

The answer is to be found in the Police Department. Long ago, in the 1880s, this remarkable organization was permanently removed from political influence by a civil-service system that shielded every member, from chief down to newest patrolman, from the caprice of shifting officeholders.

No man on the force is beholden to anyone for anything. Milwaukee's nonpartisan Police and Fire Commission of five members appoints the chief of police for life—there have been only four since 1888—and men in the ranks are promoted on merit alone. For their services the Commissioners receive $20 for each meeting attended, the present Commission being made up of a retired businessman, a dentist, the advertising manager of a small newspaper, the secretary of a savings and loan league, and the proprietor of a tin-smithing shop.

In short, the Police Department is a completely autonomous body, owing allegiance to no one but the community it has taken an oath to protect. It is thus allowed a free hand in enforcing the statutes, and in bringing lawbreakers to speedy justice in the city's notably cooperative courts. As a result, it enjoys the solid respect that should belong to any representative of the majesty of the law.

Furthermore, the city itself has adopted the principle of nonpartisanship in local politics to the extent of having all of its major offices filled by candidates who are elected as individuals and not as representatives of any political party. This means in practical terms that a man runs as plain John Citizen, receiving no contributions from any political party for his campaign and ensuring officeholders the maximum independence.

This is the way Milwaukeeans think it should be, and is an important element in the reputation for honest government and graft-free administration that their city has enjoyed for so many years.

GETTING ON the police force is not easy, and staying there requires character of a superior sort. In addition to passing stiff physical and written tests, the applicant must survive a thorough investigation of personality, work habits, family life, and the esteem in which his neighbors hold him.

In its training program, the Department takes particular pains to build the cordial interaction between police and public that is fundamental to effective police work. For example, the city ordinance which holds every householder responsible for keeping his sidewalk free of obstructions, including ice and snow in wintertime, is strictly adhered to.

"Don't pound on the door and threaten the man with a $5 fine for not observing the ordinance!" recruits are warned. "Talk to him politely and find out why he has been

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negligent. Perhaps he is sick, or doesn't know he is breaking the law. Inquire first. Above all, be courteous! The public likes courtesy and is entitled to it!"

Or take the case of the speeder. Instead of being bawled out, he is invited to explain his misdemeanor. Does he know the speed limit? Was he aware he exceeded it? At the close of the talk, the officer presents him with the regulation ticket and, without further words, tells him where he should pay his fine.

By this courteous method the culprit's dignity is preserved and his hostility kept below boiling point. As a result, traffic violations have decreased steadily, and the public has developed an attitude of responsibility, both in its driving and in paying for its lapses.

There is no "fix" on fines in Milwaukee. When the Governor of Wisconsin received a parking ticket a few years ago, he paid his fine like anybody else.

From time to time a citizen may forget the Milwaukee feeling about traffic tickets, drop into the chief's office, and ask him to take care of one. The chief consents to do so readily—by offering to pay the fine himself. The citizen usually gets the point, once he has recovered from his astonishment.

Failure to check up and inquire tactfully about any complaint is cause for discipline in the Police Department. It regards each individual as a sensitive nerve ending in the huge body of the city, and, as such, an unofficial but vital link to headquarters.

Knowing about the vagaries of human nature, the investigating officer is instructed to approach a trouble spot with care. If a family brawl has been reported, he does not barge in demanding, "What goes on here? Pipe down or I'll run you in!"

Instead, he asks politely, "What seems to be the trouble?"

The careful attention given complaints is accepted by the public as proof of the Department's dependability. In return, the plain citizen keeps his eyes and ears open for signs of crime, and lets the police know about them as quickly as he can reach a telephone.

On payday at one of the city's large plants, two men in workmen's clothes made a round of nearby taverns, cashing clever forgeries of the company's checks. By the time the forgeries were detected, the men had disappeared.

The swindle was more or less forgotten when another pair repeated it. But the third time around, a tavern keeper phoned headquarters that he didn't like the looks of a couple of men who had just dropped in with some pay checks. Police nabbed the pair, and they proved to be members of a well-organized gang, operating out of Chicago, that had been robbing tavern keepers for years.

Examples of this sort can be multiplied a thousand times in Milwaukee. An alert neighbor notices a young man in the next block driving a new convertible, and wonders where he got the money to pay for it. So he calls the police—and a stolen car is recovered.

Or a schoolteacher sees a man lounging persistently near the schoolyard. An officer quietly investigates, and such meticulous checking may have a good deal to

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do with Milwaukee's relatively rare incidence of sex offenses.

Though it keeps pace with all the latest crime-detecting techniques, Milwaukee is one of the larger cities in the U. S. which still has more than 50 per cent of its officers on foot-patrol duty. It is convinced that, though a man in a squad car can cover more territory than a man on foot, the cop on the sidewalk is in closer touch with his surroundings and has a better idea of what's going on.

Because policemen achieve security and promotion on merit instead of influence, and because no officer is ever cynically transferred "to the sticks" for performing a duty embarrassing to a powerful local figure, the Department demands—and gets—a fine performance from its men.

Last spring, as the Senate Crime Investigating Committee moved into city after city and a shocked public was given a glimpse into the magnitude of organized gambling, Milwaukee once more made headlines as a model community that has harried gamblers out of business. In explaining how this was done, Chief John W. Polcyn said:

"It's simple enough, *if* a department is free for independent action, *if* its head is protected from political pressure, *if* the strictest honesty is practiced in law enforcement and exacted from every member of the force, and *if* the community and press cooperate."

And Chief Polcyn might have added: *if* other cities would follow Milwaukee's lead in transforming these "ifs" into realities, they would be doing their duty in helping America to get rid of graft, corruption, and gambling.

Road Hog

POLICE OF a Southern state swear this is true.

A model-T Ford ran out of gas on a main highway. The driver of a Cadillac stopped and offered to tow the Ford to the nearest garage. Along the way the driver of the Cadillac forgot about the Ford. He stepped on the gas and whizzed past the first gas station with the Ford in tow. A state trooper took off after the two speeders and when the driver of the Cadillac saw the trooper he decided to try and outrun him. He pushed the pedal to the floor and started to pull away from the trooper. Seeing he was fighting a losing battle, the trooper stopped and radioed ahead to another trooper about 20 miles down the road.

"Stop the driver of a black Cadillac coming your way," he cried. "He's doing over a hundred."

"Okay," the trooper at the other end replied.

"That's not all," the first trooper went on. "You probably won't believe this, but there's a man in a model-T Ford right behind that Cadillac blowing his horn like mad and trying to pass."

—*Fleet Owner* (*McGraw-Hill Publishing Company*)

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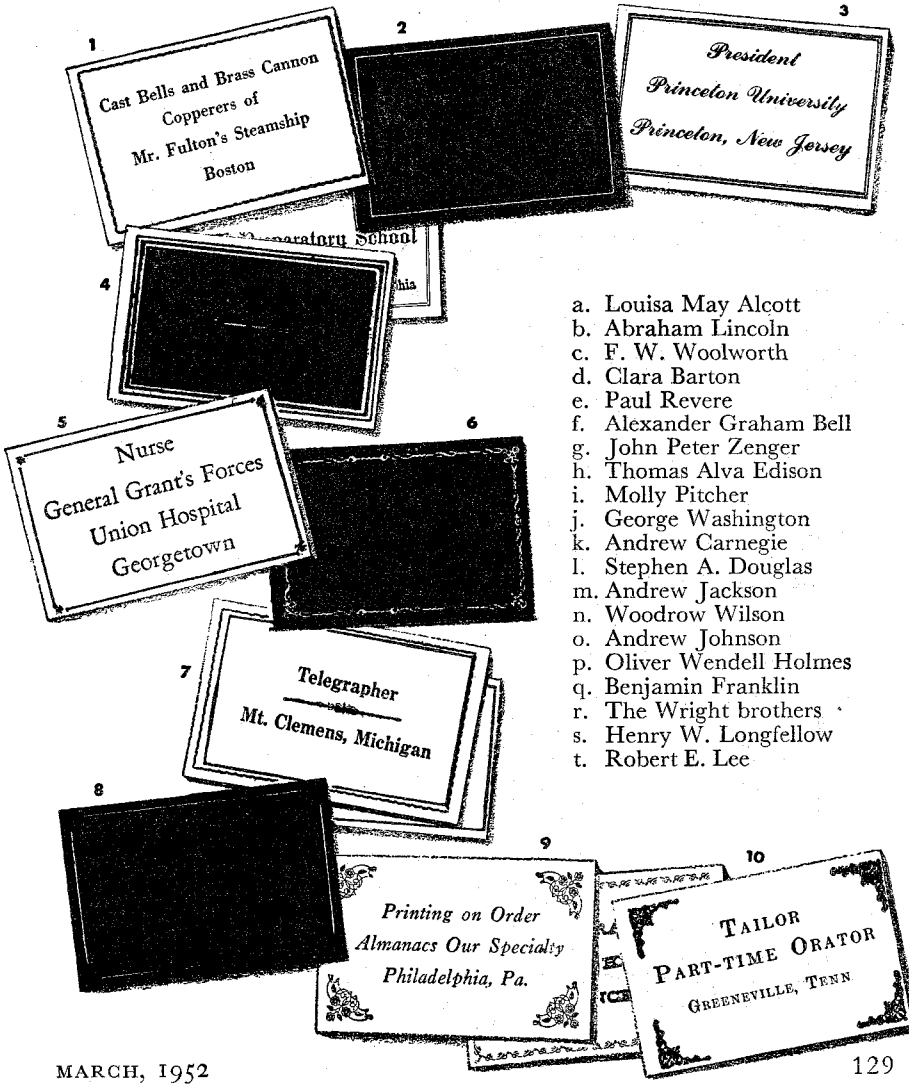
What's Their Line?

Jack Webb, radio and television detective on "Dragnet" (NBC and NBC-TV, Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST) challenges your ability to identify the famous owners of the following ten business cards. Each person appears in the accompanying list of 20. Your job: find them. Eight correct answers is excellent; five is good. (Answers on page 133.)



a. Louisa May Alcott
b. Abraham Lincoln
c. F. W. Woolworth
d. Clara Barton
e. Paul Revere
f. Alexander Graham Bell
g. John Peter Zenger
h. Thomas Alva Edison
i. Molly Pitcher
j. George Washington
k. Andrew Carnegie
l. Stephen A. Douglas
m. Andrew Jackson
n. Woodrow Wilson
o. Andrew Johnson
p. Oliver Wendell Holmes
q. Benjamin Franklin
r. The Wright brothers
s. Henry W. Longfellow
t. Robert E. Lee

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Labrador Discovers a New Niagara

by KEITH MUNRO

Grand Falls, colossal and awe-inspiring, is a magnificent spectacle and a vast, untapped source of hydroelectric power

NO INDIAN can be induced to go near the great cataract. Over the centuries, the legend has been handed down among tribes of this wild Labrador hinterland, telling of the forbidden place where the Spirits of the Waters meet with such strong medicine that not even the icy fingers of the great cold can still their roaring thunder.

For years, such tales kept sifting through to civilization. But it wasn't until a little more than a century ago that white men finally penetrated those trackless wastes of rocks and trees, lakes and muskeg, and discovered Grand Falls.

Those who came back from this trip outdid the Indians with fantastic descriptions of the glories of this gargantuan waterfall. It was colossal, they said, greater than anything they had ever seen. It was more magnificent than Niagara! Few listeners could be persuaded to believe such extravagant tales, but they did establish the fact that this great natural phenomenon was on the Hamilton River, some 200 miles inland from where it empties into Lake Melville. It is not far from the spot where the great international Goose Bay Airport has been

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built on the sands washed down by this same river.

About 50 years ago, A. P. Low, geologist for the Canadian Government, set out to explore the interior Labrador country. He was a brave man to attempt a trip into this bleak and forbidding country.

Low climbed mountains, crossed deep canyons, forded rushing rivers, made many a portage. He found valleys where the snow clings till August. The area has been called "The Land of a Thousand Lakes." But say there are 10,000, if you like, and no one will presume to contradict you, for nobody has ever counted them—any more than they have counted the geese, the ducks, the ptarmigan, the black bears, and the caribou that abound.

There the hunter matches wits with nature as he earns his precarious living trapping the mink, muskrat, and otter that are so highly prized because of the unusual thickness of their pelts.

But Dr. Low's struggle was rewarding, for what he saw when he got to Grand Falls made it all worth while. In his report he wrote: "A scenic gem seldom rivaled anywhere on earth. The stunning noise of the falls and the wonderful display of energy are so awe-inspiring that there is a feeling of dread in approaching the brink."

When Low returned to Ottawa, his report caused little stir. Newspapers were not particularly concerned with another waterfall, even though an expert was willing to go on record that it made Niagara Falls a second-rate spectacle. Could honeymooners get to it? What good was its power potential, hidden as it was up in that wilderness?

Low's report gathered dust for several decades before its significance began to be appreciated. It took the Quebec-Labrador iron-ore discovery to bring Grand Falls into focus. This ore body, some think, is the greatest ever discovered. It is calculated to be anywhere from three to five times the size of Minnesota's Mesabi Range. Ten million tons a year have already been estimated, and as the prospectors range north into Ungava, more is discovered every day.

Investigations were made in the early '40s, and men came back with stories that made the engineering world sit up in amazement, for they insisted they had discovered the greatest hydroelectrical potential in the world—five million horsepower. Grand Falls itself, they announced, could deliver more electric power than Niagara.

The men on one of these expeditions flew to the falls, for the overland route is just too tough. At that, they were a bit reckless, since many a flier has started out across that forbidding land, never to be heard from again.

These men reported that when they were still 30 miles from the falls they could see the 1,000-foot column of spray forever rising above them. But this, they were to discover, was only a small beginning. When they flew over the falls they could see nothing, the spume was so thick. So they landed a few miles away and finished the journey on foot. Atop a high hill they caught sight of their objective a mile away.

"A seething, foaming ribbon disappears into a plume of spray," one of them wrote.

Even when they got to the brink

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of the falls, they couldn't see where the waters landed, since the bottom is always hidden in gloom and mist. When they climbed into the gorge, they found that the walls of the canyon were 400 feet high. They also discovered that the waters of the river, in that last, great plunge, fall more than 300 feet.

A SURVEY of the river above the falls was even more exciting to engineers, looking as they were for power potential. They found that it had an inexhaustible supply of water, draining from unnumbered interlocking lakes and streams that fill an area the size of South Carolina. As these myriad sources drain into the Hamilton, it becomes a mighty river, a mile wide in places, dotted with rocky islands covered with small evergreens.

Then, two miles above Grand Falls, the downward slope of the river bed increases. At the same time, high, rocky walls close in, compressing the rushing waters between them. In those last three miles the river bed falls away no less than 219 feet, dropping over a succession of rocky ledges.

The gorge through which it is finally forced contorts it to a width of only 160 feet. So the tortured river reaches its last jumping-off place with the thunder of a mighty cavalry charge. Waves twenty feet high are thrown up as the waters seethe and foam, and the noise becomes so deafening that it succeeds in drowning the thunder of the falls themselves as they break on the floor of the canyon below. In the last 100 feet the grade steepens sharply, sending the waters faster and faster until they cease to look like water at all. With this final surge, the river hurtles far out into the chasm and disappears from sight completely.

Is it any wonder, then, that the ceaseless pounding of water and ice has dug a huge basin in the hard Archean rock at the foot of this cliff? This pool, 200 yards in diameter, is unbelievably agitated by the waters that buffet its surface, and the noise is so great that conversation is impossible. The river shoots over the plateau with such tremendous force that it leaves a space behind it where a man may walk dry-shod —if he has the courage.

It was August when these men surveyed the falls, but ice still clung to the wall of the canyon. Others who have visited the spot in May say that icicles 50 feet long hang from the walls, each icicle a rainbow, reflecting all the colors of the spectrum. But in the bottom of that chasm it is always twilight, even on the brightest day.

Impressed with what they had found, the engineers decided to follow the course of this power-packed river and see what else it had to offer. They found that the canyon continued for 12 miles, sometimes with perpendicular walls as much as 900 feet in height. Here and there along the route other rivers flow over these cliffs, but before they reach the bottom they are nothing but spray.

A hundred and ninety miles downstream from Grand Falls, they came upon Muskrat Falls, a puny cataract compared with its mighty neighbor. Still, it will develop more than a million horsepower.

Between these two falls they also found the Munapi Rapids and the

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Horseshoe Rapids, both of them so steep that were they not situated next to the granddaddy of them all, they too might be considered worthy of the title "cataract."

These rapids, when harnessed, could develop at least another million horsepower. There could be power for the two huge newsprint mills that the country can support, for it is covered with spruce. There is also enough potential power for mines, industrial plants, railroads, and towns.

The importance of the power-packed Hamilton River region has been further highlighted by another great mineral discovery. In this area have been found the largest deposits of titanium ore in the world. Titanium is the new wonder metal, tougher than steel. It won't rust, it won't corrode. Experts speculate that in the next five years titanium will carve a place in our economy that it took stainless steel 30 years to achieve.

Nothing can touch it for jet-engine parts and guided missiles. The U. S. Navy and the chemical industry are panting for titanium, since it does not corrode. Private industry eagerly seeks it for steam turbines and for any industrial device that calls for a high ratio of strength to weight. So its future is closely tied in with the peacetime development of atomic power.

Grand Falls finds itself caught in the midst of one of the most potentially rich mining areas of our time. This is the upper Hamilton River Region, of which so few of us have ever heard and which only a handful of people have ever seen for themselves. If it were fully harnessed, the whole area could develop more than seven million horsepower. That's better than half the present hydroelectric development of all the rest of Canada.

This priceless combination of minerals and power should be an irresistible factor on the side of the democracies in the present world struggle for power.

What's Their Line? (Answers to quiz on page 129)

1. Paul Revere of the famous ride, who also started the first successful copper-rolling mill in America; 2. The Wright brothers who, in their shop, experimented with flying machines and finally built the first successful one to carry a man aloft; 3. Woodrow Wilson, who went from college campus to the governorship of New Jersey to the White House; 4. George Washington; 5. Louisa May Alcott, author of *Little Women*, who collapsed while nursing and thereafter devoted her full time to writing; 6. Abraham Lincoln, the man of many jobs, who once owned a store in partnership with another Illinois merchant; 7. Thomas Alva Edison, inventor of the incandescent lamp, was taught telegraphy as the reward for saving another boy's life; 8. Henry W. Longfellow, the famous poet who wrote *The Village Blacksmith* and *Paul Revere's Ride*, did much of his writing while teaching; 9. Benjamin Franklin, who learned printing as a boy and later wrote and published *Poor Richard's Almanac;* 10. Andrew Johnson, 17th President of the United States, who learned to read and write while sitting cross-legged on a tailor's stool.

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THE GREATEST Hoax OF THE CENTURY

by BEN NELSON

Like a gigantic snowball, the chain-letter craze of 1935 swept across the country

ENTIRELY UNAWARE of the storm clouds of hysteria gathering over him, over the city, over the entire country in fact, a Denver postal clerk climbed blithely out of bed one morning in April, 1935.

Ominous clouds these were, destined to bring plenty of welcome overtime to this particular clerk but a prison term to a fellow postal employee in New York, 500 right-footed shoes to a one-legged man, a small fortune to a man in Cripple Creek, unexpected capture to an escaped Texas convict, disillusionment to a large percentage of the population, and an acute pain in the neck to most of the rest.

Nevertheless, our postal clerk ate a hearty breakfast and went to work all unsuspecting. First hint of trouble came when the clerk beside him observed, "Mail seems heavy for this time of year. Lot of these letters feel like they have coins in 'em."

They had. Next day there were more of the same, the following day still more, and within a week the daily turnover had almost tripled. The weird "send-a" madness, hoax of the century, was under way; the Great Dime Millennium at hand!

Some of the letters were headed cryptically:

Faith, Hope, Prosperity!

Others:

Prosperity Club—In God We Trust!

Still others, more to the point, began like this:

Send a Dime and Redistribute Wealth!

But from there on, all of them ran about the same. "This chain was started in the hopes of bringing prosperity to you . . . within three days send ten cents as a donation to the person at the top of this list of six . . . add your name and address at the bottom . . . send copies to five friends to whom you wish prosperity to come . . . as your name leaves the top of the list, you should receive letters with donations amount-

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ing to $1,562.50 . . . have the faith your friend has and this charm will not be broken!"

Thus the "good luck" chain letters, so familiar during and following World War I, had been transformed by some unsung promoter into an economic panacea practically guaranteeing wealth and prosperity to anyone with a dime and six postage stamps.

It looked like manna from heaven to thousands forced by the Depression to forego sweepstakes tickets, baseball pools, and even the numbers game as too-expensive forms of wishful thinking. The good people of Denver went for the chain letters in a big way, although there *were* practical idealists among them who sent the five copies as requested but neglected to remit the dime to the name at the top of the list.

Letters began banking up in the post office as unwrapped coins disabled the automatic canceling machines. Mail carriers staggered under unprecedented loads while irate citizens demanded speedier delivery so they could get their dimes!

When the postmaster suggested there might be some question as to the legality of this New Finance, angry proponents wanted to know why. Some of them had received from a dime to $100 already. A "woman they knew of" had reported a return of $400. A physician was said to have enjoyed an $800 windfall. What, they wanted to know, was illegal about that?

Statisticians rushed into the breach with figures proving the futility of chain letters as a means of bringing prosperity. They were a simple geometrical progression which passed through six steps before the sender received (theoretically) his 15,625 returns. A little over seven steps more and a letter would be in the hands of every living person on earth.

In other words, from an unbroken dime chain, about 100,000 of the earth's population would presumably receive the full amount hoped for, while 300,000,000 would receive from a dime up, with nobody to write to.

But it was like trying to stop a bull with a feather duster. Denver had lost its sanity. Things got so bad a restaurant proprietor inserted an ad in a local newspaper: "I have so far received 2,300 of these send-a-dime letters. I can't answer them and they are delaying my legitimate business correspondence. Please, friends, don't send any more."

Three businessmen of vision mailed 1,000 letters, but boosted the donation from a dime to a dollar. The dollar switch caught hold, became epidemic.

The Federal authorities were inclined to be lenient in the matter of send-a-dime chains carried on among friends, but this send-a-dollar stuff was transforming a mild species of gyp into a big-time promotion. As a test case they caused the arrest of the three businessmen, but the grand jury refused to indict.

SOON THE CRAZE spread from its Denver focal point like a fire in dry grass. A man in Cripple Creek announced he had received the full $15,625 on a send-a-dollar chain—and the entire West went mad.

Los Angeles' daily stamp sales rose 230,000 above normal, letter cancellations of 1,100,000 broke a five-year record. Mail deliveries to

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movie studios jumped 300 per cent.

Jack Oakie boasted the receipt of $100 on a send-a-dollar letter. George Brent was the puzzled recipient of $6 in miscellaneous dimes without having contributed a cent, even for stamps. Presumably a fan had put his name on a list. A less fortunate dollar-chain investor's returns consisted of two letters. In one was a dollar bill, in the other 80 cents and a brief—"I.O.U. 20 cents. Have faith. You'll get it."

One ingenious man, who had a wooden left leg, found himself in need of a shoe for his good right foot, but he temporarily lacked the wherewithal to purchase it. So he started a send-a-right-footed-shoe chain which netted him some 500 in assorted sizes and conditions.

On May 7, somebody introduced the New Finance to the citizens of Springfield, Missouri. In practically no time the innocent dime phase had become obsolete and the city broke out in a rash of chain-letter "factories," complete with notaries and stenographers. By midnight these were going full blast in garages, vacant buildings, and even on street corners.

No piker stuff here. Buy a $1, $2, $3, or $5 letter and "Get in on the ground floor!"

You made your selection and went with the seller to a notary who "attested" and sealed the envelope in which he had seen you place your offering, mailed it to the top name on the list, and charged you a quarter. You crossed off that name, added your own, made two copies of the list of ten names, and started out to peddle them. All night, Springfield's get-rich-quick band wagon rolled on, until by daybreak it was out of control. Stenographers and notaries were at a premium as "factories" mushroomed into existence in drugstores, office corridors, beauty parlors, taprooms.

Then the bubble burst. The "factories" folded. Everybody had a letter to sell, but there were no buyers left. And with that, a shamefaced Springfield went back to work.

About the same time, a Texas sheriff was glancing at the list on another "send-a" letter. His eye went no further than the name at the top. He didn't mail a donation; instead, he buckled on his gun and collared an escaped convict he had been hunting for four years.

In Illinois, a man brooded over breaking a chain until finally, in abject terror of what some imagined "mob" would do to him for the sacrilege, he killed himself.

The new finance swept eastward, post-office statisticians estimating that ten million chain letters were being mailed daily to the tune of some $300,000 in increased revenue. Then the craze hit New York in all forms—the dime, dollar, $5, and even $10 and $100 varieties—and spread swiftly.

Everyone was affected by the mania in some form or other. Sucker lists stood at a premium. House-

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holders began to complain they were not receiving mail. Many suspected they were being robbed.

A suburban postman with a record of many years' faithful service found himself charged with embezzlement. In the washroom of a filling station, one of his stops, they found empty envelopes. He pleaded guilty, explaining that he was only trying to "break up" the chain nuisance, and was sentenced to Federal prison. About this same time, the chain telegram, a new development, became popular because it was more expeditious and less liable to interference. One $5 wire pointed out that participants would net $78,125 if the chain went unbroken, and urged: "Spend a fin and see what happens."

As the craze reached the saturation point and there was nobody left to write to, the principle was adapted to other uses. President Roosevelt and his policies were attacked in a chain letter urging the recipient to mail copies to ten friends. The President's supporters made haste to combat this with one in his defense.

Another chain letter advocated the boycott of goods of nations proposing sanctions against Italy. High-school students in a small town bombarded their parents with letters in support of a popular teacher charged with some breach of pedagogic ethics. And a bald-headed man formulated a send-a-hair letter, apparently hoping to receive enough for a toupee.

From America, the chain idea spread in diminishing ripples throughout the world. In Canada, the Dionne quintuplets were deluged with letters. Sir John Simon, England's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, arose in the House of Commons and branded the whole thing a snare and a delusion. In Germany the sending and distribution of chain letters was made a gross misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or six weeks in jail. And with that, the Great Dime Millennium was over at last.

Today, perennial "good luck" letters still show up in mailboxes from time to time, and probably will continue as a mild nuisance as long as there is a grain of superstition and a post office left. But they have, perhaps in self-preservation, undergone a subtle change. For now, almost without exception, they end with the pathetic plea: "*Don't send money!*"

Love in the News

From a Tennessee paper: "Those loving in Millington helped swell the census total there." —PAUL MILLER JR.

From a Kansas paper: "The big Sunday School Picnic held Tuesday at the Park was a hug success."

—POWERS MOULTON, *2500 Jokes for All Occasions* (Garden City Books)

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MEDICAL AMBASSADOR TO THAILAND

by A. B. HENDRY

A great humanitarian project is winning friends for America in the Far East

WAILING THROUGH the tall teak trees in the Thailand forest came the witch doctors' incantations, the maddening clamor of drums and gongs. A young girl was in the hands of a powerful medicine man from America, who had claimed he would cure people. Instead, with a knife as fast and sharp as lightning, he was cutting them. Frenziedly the witch doctors implored their gods to dull that knife whenever it came in contact with a Thai.

Friends and relatives of the girl, peering through a window into the operating room, watched apprehensively. Her parents had given permission for her ugly harelip to be mended by surgery, but now they were half-sorry.

The young woman was lifted from a litter to the rusty-hinged operating table, used now for the first time in ten years. The strange doctor, in long white gown, mask, and rubber gloves, waited like a menacing man from Mars. The patient, they saw, was wrapped from the waist down in bed sheets, and an imaginative relative pointed and screamed, "See! He has turned her into a mermaid. Now we must let her live in the water."

The watchers wept as the American methodically proceeded with the operation; and after the patient had been carried limply to an adjoining room, they went to her home to prepare for her funeral.

Several weeks later the entire village turned out to welcome the surgeon back. The young woman presented him with a hamper of exotic fruits and, in a voice that had lost its monotone flatness and was clear and resonant, told him, "I will always be grateful to you for making me pretty. Now I will marry."

This remarkable meeting between American medical science and age-old superstition resulted from one of modern medicine's most far-

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flung projects—a program to raise the standards of health and medical education in Thailand and other nearby places, including Burma and Formosa. With leading American schools furnishing skilled specialists and teachers, a longer life span is in view for the native people, and America and her allies will gain stronger friendships in those touchy corners of the world where communism is trying to penetrate.

The project was born in the fertile brain of Dr. Ben Eiseman, the young surgeon who mended the harelip. Tall and slender, with gray-blue eyes and strong chin, at 34 he is an instructor in surgery at Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis, assistant dean of postgraduate studies, and an outstanding member of the staff of Barnes Hospital.

The U. S. State Department, noting his distinguished record, sent Dr. Eiseman to Thailand after that government had asked help in setting up a modern medical system. His tireless, energetic drive amazed everyone. He averaged 18 hours a day even in the steaming jungle, but he was going just as strong at the end of his three-month mission as at the beginning.

Dr. Eiseman found the 1,000,000 population of Bangkok, Thailand's only large city, served by 500 doctors with a fair knowledge of modern surgical techniques. But the remaining 17,000,000 people in the interior were being treated by only 700 doctors, who knew little about up-to-date medicine.

As he and his group neared one village, they were met on the jungle road by a messenger who urged them to hurry. A woman was at the point of death and there was nothing the local doctor could do.

Dr. Eiseman found the patient, a beautiful young woman, with all indications that her appendix had burst and peritonitis was setting in. He rushed her to the village's four-bed hospital and put his instruments in his charcoal-burning sterilizer for an immediate operation.

The elderly local doctor, aware of the seriousness of the situation, said softly, "I hope you can save her. She is going to marry my only son when he returns from America. He is studying medicine there so he can give our people the kind of aid you have come so far to render."

Dr. Eiseman deftly removed the appendix, then invited the Thai doctor to suture the wound and complete the operation.

Tears glistened in the older man's eyes as he shook his head. "This is the first time in 25 years of practice that I have seen such instruments," he said. "And it is almost that long since I have operated, for I have not had the tools."

"How then do you handle an appendix flare-up?"

"If I have an abundant supply of penicillin, I try to break the infection with massive doses. My help ends there."

Unpretentious as was his Navy surgical kit, which he had carried during World War II, Dr. Eiseman realized now that it was a psychological mistake to have equipment which the rural doctors did not possess. Late that night he roused a runner and sent his kit to Bangkok with a note reading, "Good instruments are embarrassing back here. Please keep these until I return."

In the next village he was to per-

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form plastic surgery and skin grafts on a little boy badly scarred by burns. Doctors from miles around watched as he placed the youngster on the operating table, administered a local anesthetic, then turned to them and asked, "Will one of you doctors lend me a scalpel?"

When the astonished Thais could not produce even a penknife, the doctor sent an intern to the market place to buy a kitchen knife. Eiseman honed it to razor sharpness and performed the operation while his audience looked on in amazement.

As DR. EISEMAN traveled through the country, he initiated plans for the most up-to-date medicine and surgery to become a permanent part of Thailand's medical services. Realizing that the Thai doctors could not carry in their minds even a fraction of the technical data he gave them in quick lectures, he wound up a 15- to 20-hour day by writing a chapter of a textbook on surgery, and when that was done, wrote a technical manual on the care and management of an operating room. Already the books have been translated into Thai and are available free to doctors and technicians.

Doctors, nurses, and teachers in specialized fields of medicine have taken up where Dr. Eiseman left off. Among them is Dr. C. Read Boles, outstanding St. Louis pediatrician, who volunteered after hearing Eiseman tell how hundreds of Thai children die in their first year. Meanwhile, Thai students and doctors are enrolling in American medical schools to learn our skill at firsthand. Then they will return to help train men and women in the field.

Dr. Eiseman's trip through Thailand for three months cost the U. S. Government $4,500, including all travel expenses and a salary of $500 a month. When he arrived at the Bangkok airport to take off for home, he found enough presents from grateful Thailanders to fill the plane. Here was mute verification of U. S. Envoy Edwin F. Stanton's statement:

"You are one of the greatest ambassadors of good will that America ever sent abroad."

Wise and Otherwise

The spoon always appears to be twice as big when you have to swallow your own medicine. —I. F. BEMBERG

A man may fall several times, but he isn't a failure until he starts saying someone pushed him. —*Swing*

Few things are so embarrassing as watching your boss do what you just said couldn't be done. —*Grit*

Walking isn't a lost art—one must, by some means, get to the garage. —EVAN ESAR

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Friends Anonymous

by VICTORIA W. FERGUSON

To know the real joy of human fellowship, offer the "cup of kindness" to a stranger

OURS IS THE yellow cabin with the red door on a busy highway about 30 miles from New York City. Sooner or later you may run out of gas within sight of us. We know the number of the nearest garage; help yourself to the phone and have a drink of spring water.

When we bought our small farm, we wanted to move to it at once. The house was already occupied, and the only thing available was the empty fruit-and-vegetable stand conveniently located for customers but not such a choice location for a residence. Yet we converted it into a home.

Friends said, "But will you like the traffic?" Or "Don't people annoy you asking to use the phone, borrow the jack, water for the car, a drink for the baby?"

But the truth is, it isn't what other people do that matters, but how you react to them. And since we choose to live by the highway, we choose to like people.

Years ago, when I thanked my father for a special favor, he vouchsafed a tip with a magnet attached: "When you want someone to like you, ask him to do you a kindness." This is first cousin to the familiar, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

When these strangers from the highway ask some small favor of me, if I grant it *cheerfully*, and thereby contribute to their well-being, that contribution is part of myself. A little of my heart has gone out to them, I invest in them, in them lies a little of my treasure.

Our place must be photogenic, for we are often encumbered with members of camera clubs. They need places to change into Holland costumes. Or would it be all right if they took this basket and the pet goat—we call him Butch McGee—around into the flower garden by the stone house, for a touch of the Old World? Sometimes these snapshot big shots send us lovely photographs of our place, which come as pure bonus.

There are also other people at our door who do us a kind turn. There was the man who, seeing my menfolks haying on a hot day, sug-

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gested drops of mint extract in the jug of water I was taking them. "Cools the mouth and makes the drink more lasting."

As one returned the jack, he offered advice about pruning grapes. Another, filling his radiator, told me how to trench the swamp. A very kind man, seeing my pet lamb —the orphan I had raised in the house and called Little Sister— loose on the parkway, parked his car and ran till he was near collapse, to bring her home to me.

Here I plant roses while I listen to the man whose wife is ill in my bathroom. I remind the youth in his orange jalopy to return my old teakettle as I need it for other leaky radiators. I commiserate with the fellow whose car at dawn on Christmas morning is frozen, spewing up a white tower of steam.

There are elderly ladies who picnic on our hill, and write later begging us to hunt for a lost spoon, "silver and belonging to our grandmother." There are adults who ask what is a heifer, and can't a cow give milk till she's had a calf?

There are those who want to know if our place is for sale, and when reluctantly convinced it is not, say do we mind if they just take a look around anyway? And there is the woman from Sweden who has promised to teach me to spin and weave, and the one from France who tells me how to pluck down from the Toulouse geese.

Last New Year's Eve, a snowstorm blew up. We decided to cancel our date and stay home so we wouldn't see the New Year in shoveling out. We sat at a table and played some family games we hadn't played since the boys were little. It was nearing midnight and we were going to sing *Auld Lang Syne* and drink a sleep-inducing hot chocolate.

Suddenly we heard a car too near the house for comfort. It had skidded dangerously and was stuck in a snowdrift a few feet from our kitchen window. We had stayed at home to avoid shoveling, but as the year ended we were helping dig a stranger out of our snowbank, "taking a cup of kindness yet," not for Auld Lang Syne but to help a stranger. For a stranger befriended is sure to become a friend, even if only anonymous.

Perpetual Honeymoon

THE REV. LOYAL M. THOMPSON of the First Methodist Church of Kewanee, Illinois, commented, after performing his 1,000th wedding ceremony: "Years ago I solemnized one marriage that must be sublimely successful. In 1925 a bridegroom promised to pay the wedding fee as soon as his honeymoon was over. So far as I know, that honeymoon never has ended." —CINCINNATI *Enquirer*

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WEST VIRGINIA'S Test-Tube Symphony

by **J. P. FOLINSBEE**

A unique orchestra teaches rural folk to love, enjoy, and understand good music

TWO ANCIENT BUSES wheezed over the twisting mountain roads and finally stopped in a schoolyard high in the West Virginia hills. Eighty-five people and a weird assortment of musical instruments poured out, and were assembled on the auditorium stage where a packed house shouted encouragement.

The Charleston Symphony had traveled more than 100 miles over precipitous roads to bring this remote community the stirring *River Saga*. When handsome Antonio Modarelli, composer of the saga and famed conductor of the orchestra, strode on stage, his mountain-folk audience broke into a cheer, then settled back to listen to "their symphony." Afterwards, one starry-eyed woman said: "I could hear our river—it was singing right there in the music!"

The *River Saga*, written by Modarelli for and about West Virginia, is the current jewel in the repertoire of the nation's most amazing orchestra. Premiered in 1949, it set the whole state on its musical ear.

Back in 1940, the Charleston Symphony was typical of hundreds of groups struggling to keep good music alive in small-town America. Playing to loyal audiences of a few hundred, its meager budget was likely to collapse under the strain of five performances a year.

Then a number of strange things began to happen in highly industrialized Charleston. Showing up for her first rehearsal, Mrs. Helen Thompson, a vivacious housewife from Greenville, Illinois, hardly looked sturdy enough to draw a bow across her fiddle. Her fellow players, however, soon learned that the tiny violinist was a human dynamo. They elected her secretary and then president of their modest group. But she promptly deposed

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herself in favor of a 20-man executive board.

"We need money," she told them. "And a top-notch conductor." Then she and Dr. C. R. Adams sparkplugged the board into raising thousands of dollars, and, even more impressive, convinced them that Antonio Modarelli was their man.

"We can't afford a famous conductor like that," said the board.

"No Modarelli, no orchestra!" Mrs. Thompson countered.

The next season was begun with Modarelli as conductor. In the beginning, audiences were small. Six months later, the symphony was playing to standing room only. Modarelli had proved what he and Mrs. Thompson knew all along. People love good music, and good music *can* come from the people.

However, as the audiences grew, so did the desperate need for resident players. Odd instruments like bassoons, French horns, flutes, and oboes had to be hired for each performance. Modarelli and Mrs. Thompson put their heads together and came up with a fantastic advertisement, which ran in *Chemical and Engineering News:*

> WANTED: Chemical engineers and chemists who are also symphony musicians. Industrial positions available with large corporations and paid symphonic work under Antonio Modarelli . . .

Hundreds of replies poured in from every state in the Union, as well as from Canada, Mexico, and a dozen countries abroad. Industrial officials, skeptical in the beginning, soon found themselves with efficient new employees; and the orchestra, shrewdly auditioning applicants *before* their industrial interviews, swelled its ranks with vital new blood.

This industrial-musical handclasp has persisted ever since. Furthermore, townspeople, awakened by the furor, began to unearth dusty instruments from the attic. Today, a cross section of the orchestra reads like a census report on a small city—engineers, doctors, chemists, a barber, stenographers, a delicatessen worker, a clothing-store owner, housewives, industrial executives, salesmen, hotel clerks—even the greenskeeper from the local country club.

There are more university degrees in the orchestra than there are people, due to the preponderance of expert chemists and engineers. This, which gives the orchestra its affectionate nickname, "test-tube symphony," detracts nothing from the home-town flavor and fervor of the group.

Still, the heterogeneous orchestra is not without personal problems. One traveling salesman waits until the symphony schedule is released before planning his business itinerary for the month. And one of the violinists, who is also a Presbyterian minister, has been known to give the shortest sermon of his career in order to be on hand for a Sunday-evening engagement.

On another occasion a local businessman found he had to go to Europe on business. "I'll have to miss a couple of rehearsals," he phoned Mrs. Thompson, "but I'll fly back in time for the concert." He did—and taxied straight from the airport to the concert hall.

Far from satisfied with making Charleston symphony-conscious, energetic Mrs. Thompson and

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equally enthusiastic Modarelli soon began casting an eye on the entire state of West Virginia. Here, they reasoned, was a great untapped reservoir of music lovers—and undoubtedly, too, some fine performers who should be brought down from the hills.

Their first out-of-town audiences were timid. To them, a symphony was for intellectuals. Modarelli soon convinced them otherwise.

At many concerts he gave an impromptu talk before the performance, covering music in general and the artist whose works they would play in particular. Then, with the orchestra playing snatches of the score, he interpreted and explained the music. By the time the full-scale symphony was launched, the audience had the feeling that they were listening to the work of an exceptionally talented neighbor. Attendance soared.

At one concert an envelope was handed to Modarelli. It contained $20 and a note. "I am not a musician, and I don't pretend to understand classical music," a housewife had written. "I only know I love it. I don't pretend to understand the beauties of the hills and skies either—so here's an egg-money contribution. Please come back."

A mountain man shook hands with Modarelli after a concert. "I don't know what it's all about," he declared candidly. "But I do know it makes me feel good."

That, in Modarelli's opinion, is more than enough. "Good music," he says, "has always come from the people. We are trying to give them a love for a great heritage."

For the promising unknown performer, the road to concert fame is pitted with heartbreak. Recognizing this, the Charleston Symphony has traditionally eschewed big-name soloists and drawn its feature performers from within the state. They take justifiable pride in the result, since at least half a dozen local musicians have been started on promising careers by appearing with the Symphony.

One Charleston girl, who had attempted to storm New York on her own, returned home discouraged. Modarelli took her on as soloist for a concert. On the crest of the ovation she received, she returned to New York. This time she made it: a small opera company gave her a lead. Now her sights are focused on the Metropolitan.

Or take Margaret Hope Samms, who was crippled with polio at the age of two. When she was 18 years old, she started to take singing lessons. Three years later, she won an audition contest in the Philadelphia area. However, she found that her crutches proved an almost overwhelming handicap to a full-scale career. Returning to Charleston, she gave an electrifying concert, crutches and all, and now has a successful studio of her own.

CHILDREN, TOO, are a vital concern of the orchestra, and already formed is the Youth Symphony, from which the adult symphony hopes to draw musicians of tomorrow. And each year a series of Children's Concerts are given. The response is astonishing.

In April, 1950, 3,600 children poured into the largest auditorium in town at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Sixteen hundred more arrived an hour and a half later to hear the

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second performance of the double-header. Of these 5,000 youngsters, many had traveled as far as 50 miles to hear the works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach.

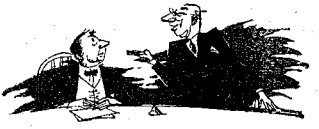
In addition to local and network broadcasts, Children's Concerts, and other "odd" engagements, the Charleston Symphony has expanded its program to 23 concerts a season. The cost, for a small city, is staggering. The minimum budget is now $50,000 a year. Where does it all come from?

Not from wealthy patrons. Apart from one annual contribution of $2,000, there are no large donors. More than 80 per cent of the money is raised in contributions of $50 or less. With pride and enthusiasm, Charleston is living up to its slogan, "Music by and for the whole town."

Modarelli and Mrs. Thompson, who regard themselves as an artist-and-manager team, are proud of Charleston and of the Symphony. Even better, they feel they have shown the way to others. More than 500 letters a year—which usually begin, "We want an orchestra like yours, but how do we start?"—bear this out. Somehow, Mrs. Thompson finds time to answer every request individually.

"We would like to see a symphony in every town and city in the country," Modarelli says. "The size of the community or the size of the orchestra makes no difference, as long as good music is growing—from the people. Also, it makes it worth while for musicians to stay in smaller cities. These musicians in turn teach younger musicians, and bring more fun and interest in music to everyone."

Charleston and West Virginia enthusiastically agree.



Retort Riotous

SAID THE MISTRESS to the maid: "I am sorry you are leaving us, Anna. But, of course, if you are going to better yourself—"

"Oh, no, madam. I am going to be married." —*Cape Argus*

THE AFTER-DINNER speaker droned on and on, his prosaic words slowly emptying the hall until only a solitary figure remained. Finally finishing, he rushed over to this one last hearer and grasped his hand, exclaiming: "My friend, if only you took in my message, I am satisfied. My labors are not in vain if one listener is convinced!"

The other looked at him blankly and stammered: "Who was listening? I'm the next speaker."

—S. J. GOLDSTEIN

"YOU'RE LOOKING for your cashier? What's he like? Is he tall or short?" asked the detective. To which the banker ruefully replied: "Both!" —CHICAGO *Daily News*

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A Coronet Short Story

the FIX

by PAUL GALLICO

Straight out of the newspaper headlines that shocked America comes this story of Eddie Bohlen's time for decision

EDDIE BOHLEN went down the deserted corridor of the Gymnasium Building to the frosted-glass door lettered "BASKETBALL"—and in smaller letters at the bottom—"Coach Thomas L. Yullin." He walked like an old man whose feet were leaded with the weight of tragedy.

A light was burning in the office. He knocked, and from within heard the voice of Yullin: "Yes. Come in."

Eddie Bohlen's face was ashen gray, his lips bloodless, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He was no more than 23, but at that moment looked 50. He tried to raise his hand to the doorknob. Sweat ran from his face. The effort seemed to be an agony. His arm dropped to his side. There was still time to turn back. How much hell could a man live through in the tick of a second? . . .

When Jigger Smith broke his right wrist in a tangle under the West basket in the Garden, Coach Yullin sent in Eddie Bohlen to net

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the two free throws awarded for the foul, and then let him stay in there to see how much of his stocky, energy-packed, five-foot-ten he could spread over the gaping hole left in the Borough College championship five by the injury to their captain.

Up to that point there had not been much to worry about. The books had made Borough favorite with an 11-point spread against Mount India. With the star out of the game, Borough might now conceivably lose. Five minutes later, the basketball coach relaxed in his side-lines chair and grinned at the whirlwind he had loosed.

Some substitutes, when they get their big chance, go in so nerve-tensed and muscle-bound they cannot untrack themselves or get off a play. Others meet the moment like an exploding star encountering its date with destiny.

Eddie Bohlen was one of the latter variety. He was a chunky, dark-haired, blue-eyed kid with clean limbs and an expression of youthful truculence on his face, a boy supercharged with ambition.

There he was, suddenly, moved up into terms of equality and partnership with such worshiped heroes as Stretch Brown, Andy Simpson, Gogo White, and Slippery Elmsford, and it did no more to him than fan the competitive flame. He was so cool as he moved out onto the floor he could even think of Maris Doyer, chair-bound in the musty front parlor of the old brownstone house a block from where he lived with his family.

Her glossy brown head would be bent upon the television screen. At that very moment she was looking at him. He felt loose, lightning-fast; the basket looked as big as the mouth of a well; the big, rough Mount India five were going to be his pigeons.

He could not miss, he could do nothing wrong against them. His legs were spring steel and shock rubber, his heart and lungs as untiring as an atom engine to propel them; he was a hellcat, a streak of greased lightning, and a miniature tornado all in one. He rang up 19 points in five minutes. Set shots, hooks, lay-ups, one-handers made with two Mount Indians clawing at him, it seemed as though every time he got his hands on the leather he dunked it. The crowd stayed on its feet screaming.

The final tally was Borough College 87, Mount India 51. And thereafter there was all the visible difference between anonymous striving and instantaneous public success.

Eddie learned and accepted the admiration of the mob, the backslaps and hand-pumpings, the recognition by teachers and campus celebrities who the week before had not even known of his existence. There were invitations to parties, interviews with sports writers, and of course less time for visits with Maris Doyer in the musty old living room. But Maris understood.

Maris was the old-fashioned dark-brown girl of the dark-brown parlor, for this was the color of her thick hair, her deep reflective eyes, her ribbon, her shawl, the wheel chair to which she had been confined since she was stricken with infantile. The same color was reflected by the old paneling, the doors and woodwork, the curtains, the prints and picture frames.

They had been playmates on the

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block when they were children. Eddie always remembered how her heavy mop of brown hair rose and fell about her head when she was pretending to be a fire horse and galloped with him. She was 15 when the paralysis hit. After she recovered and took to sitting in the window of the front parlor in her chair, Eddie visited her from time to time, and the visits had grown to be a habit stretched over more than six years, twice and sometimes three times a week, and occasionally he would wheel her for a walk.

She was in many ways as shy and old-fashioned as the house in which she lived, but with it she had an uprightness of soul, understanding, and a gentle and loving nature. And she worshiped Eddie Bohlen.

With the Jigger out for the rest of the season, Eddie clinched the berth with the Big Five and saw himself accepted into the delirious heights of social equality with the members of the team. Now he could pal around with them and be one of them—almost but not quite. For there was yet some reservation, some inner citadel that Eddie had not managed to penetrate.

Even though they had acknowledged him as rightfully belonging on the team, he could feel it in their attitude and looks and in the way they sometimes stopped talking when he came around. That it concerned him he knew from a snatch of conversation he walked in on before the subject was quickly changed. Once he turned a corner of the locker room just as Gogo was saying, "Why kid ourselves? He's gotta be let in. Tanzi is yelling murder, and says it's up to us . . ."

Eddie didn't know who Tanzi was, but the "he" obviously applied to himself. But it did not disturb him because he was too certain that he was on some kind of high road to good fortune. Whatever it was, they could not keep him from it.

At the end of the school week, Gogo White caught up with Eddie and said, "Hey, Eddie! Some of the gang are driving out into the country Sunday. They want you to come along. What do you say?"

Whatever the barrier had been, Eddie felt it was down now. He said: "Sure. What's cooking?"

"We're having dinner at a friend's house. Meet us at the corner of Fourth and De Voto at 11. We'll pick you up."

That clear, cold, Sunday morning, they came in two cars, Stretch and Jigger in a sedan, Gogo and Slippery in a convertible. Eddie noted that Andy Simpson was not with them. He got into the front seat of the roadster and asked, "Where are we going?"

Slippery replied, "Up to a friend of Gogo's near Westport. Swell guy with a swell joint. Plenty of jack. You'll get a bang out of him. Joey Tanzinari. He owns a big estate."

The heavy roadster purred on fat tires up the parkway. The landscape was mantled under a light covering of snow. Opulent houses showed through the bare trees. Gogo flipped on the radio. It sang of cigarettes, jeweled watches, television sets, and winter cruises.

Eddie Bohlen had no car beyond the family jalopy which his father drove to and from his small hardware store. They lived in what was known as "modest circumstances" in a two-family house on the fringe of the city. But Eddie was well

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aware of that other life going on all about him which he was preparing for and determined to enter, the world of the 50-dollar dinner check, orchids in cellophane, clinging silk and perfume, the girls with the plunging necklines and diamonds in their ears, refrigerators, roadsters, parties at the Stork or Twenty-One, an apartment on Park Avenue and the mutuels at Hialeah, for these were the visible and measurable evidences of success and the mark of men of distinction. The civilization into which he was born and raised left no doubt that if you could amass enough money, those were the things to be bought with it.

ABOVE STAMFORD they turned off the parkway and soon rolled through a wooded estate to a white concrete palace. A butler opened the door and they were greeted by a stocky, swart little man of powerful build, wearing fawn gabardine slacks, a yellow beach shirt with a paisley scarf at the neck, and dark glasses. He smelled of heliotrope mingled with the aroma of the Havana cigar he was smoking.

Gogo made the introductions: "Shake hands with Tanzi, Eddie. You'll get a kick out of the place he's got here."

Tanzi shook hands hard with a sweaty palm. Then, as though he had known him all his life, he rumpled Eddie's hair playfully and then knuckled his chin with his fist, saying, "You're a cute kid. You cost me eighty grand, but I like you. You're a tryer. The missus'll be along in a minute. Glad you came."

His wife came into the library wearing white pajamas and a jade-green mandarin coat buttoned to her throat out of which grew a pale, reckless, discontented face with a soft, full, sensual mouth, topped by a shock of flame-colored hair. Tanzi introduced her as the missus, but the boys all called her Toni. Her eyes were frankly carnal, as were her small, even teeth, and her every move was lithe and inviting.

Just to be in the same room with her Eddie found interesting and exciting. Strangely, his mind turned back for an instant to Maris Doyer, the quiet, shy, brown being imprisoned in her setting of the musty past, and it was as though he were saying good-bye to her and everything she stood for, as something hopelessly out of step with the times.

Tanzi said, "Break out some wine for the kids. Champagne don't hurt your training none." Toni languidly pressed a button and an entire section of the library wall, books and all, reversed and produced a bar with champagne cocktails.

There was caviar, lobster Newburg, and steak for dinner. Later in the day they went down to the basement playroom where a multicolored juke box blared the canned songs and laments they all lived by. Toni curled up on a huge divan with a crème de menthe. Stretch began dropping quarters in a slot machine. Tanzi and Eddie teamed up against Gogo and Slippery at pool. At the end of the second game Tanzi suddenly grounded his cue and spoke to the other two.

"Okay, what about it? Is he coming in with us?"

Gogo said, "We haven't talked to him yet, Tanzi."

"Well, talk now. He looks like a smart kid. I like him."

Gogo said to Eddie: "Well, now

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it's about what Tanzi said when we came in, see? He dropped a load on the Mount India game on account of you, but he ain't sore because nobody could figure Jigger getting hurt. See what I mean?"

Eddie looked baffled. "On account of me? I don't get it. We won, didn't we? You mean Tanzi bet against us?"

Tanzi put up his cue and laughed loud and hoarsely. "Kid, you kill me! I'm bucking the 12-point spread. The boys are gonna hold it down to seven or eight, just for luck. So you gotta come in for Jigger and make with the muscle and I'm dead. Thirty-six points against them monkeys. Every time you dunk one it's a couple of grand out the window and the missus don't get her new sable coat. But I love ya for it."

From the divan, Toni pouted and said, "You're a bad boy, Eddie, but I don't care. I like you too . . ."

"Ya see?" Tanzi said affably. "Nobody holds no grudges when it ain't no one's fault. Only we gotta know where we stand the next time out, don't we?"

Eddie said, "I still don't get it . . ."

Tanzi laughed again. "I'm dead for 80 grand and you don't get it. Get modern, kid, get modern. Tell him, Slippery."

Elmsford, a tall, sallow boy with a long neck, could not seem to manage to bring his head up far enough to look Eddie squarely in the eye, but he said clearly enough, "It's a dumper."

Eddie understood now. He stared at them all. "A dumper! You mean you guys were out there trying to *throw* that game?"

Tanzi interrupted quickly, "Who's throwing? Nobody's throwing nothing. The coach tells you to go in there and win and that's what you do. But does he say you got to win from here to Albany?"

Gogo, the flashy black-haired scoring ace, said: "What's the good of bringing a team on here all the way from Oklahoma and then handing them a shellacking? We figured to keep eight points between them and us any time."

Tanzi added encouragingly, "So now with you in there, Eddie, it's even better. Any time we need a couple of baskets to stay on the safe side, you're the Whiz Kid!"

Eddie looked at the immaculate Tanzi with his smooth face and glittering eyes, and the girl on the couch who was smiling at him. Gogo White spun the red ball on the green baize; Stretch was standing by the slot machine from which he had just taken five dollars; Slippery still could not get his head up. But they were all waiting for him to say something.

He knew he ought to experience a sense of shock and outrage, yet he didn't. What he felt was vaguely anger that he had been a ninny, a baby, and a fool. So that was why they hadn't passed to him? They had been laughing at him while he was out there giving it the old college try and messing up their racket.

Finally he said, "What do you want me to do?"

Tanzi didn't look at him either now, but began to roll pool balls down the table with short jerky motions as he said, "Play along, kid. Get modern. Why be the sucker? Get your share. What do you like—go to shows, drive a car, take your girl out and give her a good time? How do I know, maybe you need

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some dough to help out your old lady at home. Whatever you ain't got, you get when Tanzi likes you.

"What's wrong about it? The coach says win so you go out and win. He's getting his, the old do-re-mi, right on the line, the college takes its cut of the gate from the Garden, and you get an Alagazam with a Sis-Boom-Bah. All I'm asking is go along for your own good, keeping the points down under the spread maybe. They're all getting their cut, ain't they? The spectators bet, the books rake in the vigorish, the coach is in, the officials get paid, the college gets cash on the barrelhead plus free publicity, and you got threads showing on your cuffs. That's an even split, ain't it?"

Eddie felt his face redden as he pulled down his sleeves, and he heard himself mumbling something about its not being on the level.

Tanzi laughed again and picked up the black eight ball. "You want to stay behind this all your life? You got to be smart and get up to date, kid. So your college is on the level with what they shell out for football players? What's the dif whether they slip a guy a year's tuition, or a thousand-dollar bill, it's still dough, ain't it? Nobody's asking you to do anything that everybody else ain't doing. Ain't that so, fellows?"

EDDIE BOHLEN knew now why he hadn't been shocked that there was something funny going on in the games. Wasn't there in everything? Times had changed from the strait-laced days of yesterday, the days that, somehow, Maris Doyer represented, when a kid would rather lose his right arm than fake or cheat in a sport.

Maris was out of step with her old-fashioned beliefs in the Commandments, and the kind of things they taught in Sunday schools, and Tanzi was right. The colleges were in it up to their necks and so was everybody else. The papers said cops were bribed, lawyers took presents, juries were fixed—a whirl of events and headlines seemed to pass before his eyes. The five-per-centers ruled in Washington, graft touched even close to friends of the President; in the State Department, men sold out their country.

Skate the line and get that buck. Hell, his old man cheated regularly on his income tax. Who would be hurt if he hit the rim of a couple of baskets instead of the center? Fools and suckers who bet and were themselves trying to get something for nothing. As long as they won, what difference did it make if he fired the ball at nobody once or twice. Who would know?

Eddie asked, "What about Andy Simpson? Is he in on it, too?"

Stretch wandered over from the slot machine, jangling quarters. He said, "Oh, I guess he would be if we asked him. But it's just as well to have one guy in there trying all the time. Gogo figured we could cut you in for five hundred a game at first when it's a dumper until Jigger gets back. Next season when you're a regular . . ."

Tanzi interrupted expansively, "Who's talking about money? Why do you have to say only five hundred? How do you know what he wants? Maybe he'd like to go to Miami a while when the season is over and lie on the beach. Maybe he could make time with his girl if he had a new car. Maybe he'd like

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to get himself lined up with a swell babe he could be proud of. Maybe for a player like him a half a grand is chicken feed."

Eddie Bohlen, who wanted to be smart, up-to-date, and modern and get his share of what was being passed around, said, "I dunno, I've got to think."

Tanzi left off rolling the pool balls. "Sure, kid. Take all the time you want. You're the doctor. You drop 80 grand for me and I love ya like a brother. Toni, baby, give my pal Eddie here some champagne. Tell him what a friend Tanzi is to who he thinks is his pal. Take him upstairs and show him some of your ice I give you. Find out what he likes so I can line it up for him."

The girl slowly unwound herself from the divan and stood up. She was smiling at Eddie. He smelled her warm, expensive scent again and his head dizzied. Modern was white pajamas and a jade silk coat; modern was flame-colored hair and green fingernails; modern was a shiny car, a dazzling girl, and crisp greenbacks in a pigskin wallet; modern was getting yours while the getting was good . . .

THE VOICE on the telephone was Gogo's. "Listen, Eddie. You know the Lion Tavern at West Broad? Yeah, I know it's the other side of town. You got your car out? Drive over. Yeah, the rest are coming. We got to talk."

When Eddie parked the chrome-and-blue convertible several blocks away, just in case, and went in the side door, they were all in a rear booth—Jigger with his wrist out of the cast; Gogo, Slippery, and Stretch with beer in front of them.

Gogo said, "It's about Tanzi. I was out there to see him last night. The Erie Tech game Monday night. He wants us to lose it."

Eddie felt as though someone had hit him in the pit of the stomach. "What the hell's he talking about? That's for the title."

"Uhuh, that's why. He says it's a cleanup."

Nobody spoke. Eddie picked up Gogo's beer glass and sloshed some to the back of his throat to take out the dryness. Then he said, "So it's no more dumpers. How many games have you fellows thrown already . . .?"

Slippery was having head trouble again. He looked down into his glass. "Three—all last year. But they didn't count. We won the title anyway."

Eddie said, "But this year, Tanzi says we don't win the title."

Stretch Brown declared, "What ya going to do? We're all in it . . ."

Eddie hit the table. "Hell, I never agreed to throw . . ."

It was Slippery who said, "Oh, shut up, you sap! You're hooked. You got to do what Tanzi says."

Stretch Brown asked, "Do we rehearse this to make it look good, or just kick it away?"

Eddie Bohlen got up. He was white. He mumbled, "Okay. I'll see you fellows later," and went out on legs that were shaking. Gogo White laughed but Slippery Elmsford hissed fiercely at him, "Button up! Have you forgotten how *you* felt the first time you knew you had to chuck one . . ."

You felt sick, Eddie Bohlen thought to himself. Oh, why did you feel so miserably sick and scared clean through, when all the time you knew in your own

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heart that it was coming some day. Had you really fooled yourself that you could get away with just an occasional dumper?

He tried to pull himself together to force his mind to the driving of the blue roadster that Tanzi had given him. He had told his mother and father that he had won it in a raffle. The leather seat suddenly burned beneath him. He wished he could drive the car into the river and leave it there.

. . . And strip yourself naked, too, of the clothes you wore that you had bought with Tanzi's money?

He drove the car to the edge of the dead-end street and parked overlooking the water front and looked at the tall buildings looming through the winter haze and the spider webbing of the distant bridges. And inside he was sick and trembling and filled with some kind of a terrible longing, an agonizing yearning for something he couldn't even identify.

It was only kidding before, a miss here, a bobble there, to keep the points between the spread. It made the other team look good. But now you were going to throw one. Now you were going to cheat—everyone, your school, your coach, your opponents, all the kids who came to the games, or read the sports pages and thought you were a hero, your friends, and yourself. Now you were going to step across that thin line that made you a crook, and outside the law. Oh God, what had you always been from the first time you took Tanzi's money? Where was any line? What was the difference between this and the way you felt from the very beginning?

Suddenly Eddie Bohlen knew what was the longing in his soul, the terrible, unnamed yearning that could not be fulfilled. He wanted to be able to return to the dark-brown parlor and the girl with the dark-brown hair imprisoned there in the dark-brown chair, all so musty and old-fashioned. If time could but be turned back so that he might sit there again by the side of Maris Doyer, stroke her glossy hair, look into her clear eyes, impress a kiss upon her eyelids, and feel the goodness that was in her heart and in her mind and all about her, the heritage passed on to her from the long ago.

In her there was never any doubt between what was right and what was wrong, what was good and what was bad, no shades or equivocation. Somehow, his own parents had never got around to making him feel the things she did and that were a part of her.

The dark-brown parlor where virtue dwelt . . . He had not gone there since his visit to Tanzi's place and the first dumper. He had written Maris off as the past he was leaving behind, but the truth was that he knew he could not face her. Now, the room, the old walls, the things it represented, the gentle and tender spirit who lived there seemed to be the dearest thing that life ever could again offer.

He closed his eyes the better to see the paneled walls, the brown prints of stern-eyed, upright men, the poor, simple furnishings, the beloved possessions of simple people, and he saw the girl in her chair, the shawl about her slender shoulders, but above all he looked upon the clear brow beneath the glossy braids and her trusting smile, and her hands seemed to be outstretched to him as though to pull him from the abyss he faced . . .

Old-fashioned, trusting, lovable

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. . . she called him back to those things by which an older and better people had learned to live . . . If he could but make the threshold . . .

You could. There was one chance of entering once again by the dark-brown door to heart's peace. But the road thither lay through hell and shame, self-accusation, confession and disgrace, purged of sin, the repentant sinner.

His defenses rose up to blind him at the horrid word. He, Eddie Bohlen, on his knees like a psalm-singing pastor?

But the soul of the girl in the dark-brown room came through and called to him, and he knew that if he did not listen and win back to her, no matter what the price, he must be eternally damned and a thing of misery.

He saw that he must go to Coach Yullin and confess his crime and his intent to perpetrate the greater one and take his punishment for both. He would be carrying his teammates and Tanzi and all those who had wallowed in the mud down with him; he would be reviled and shunned not only as a crook who had let his school down, but as a stool pigeon who had turned on his fellows. He would break the hearts of his father and mother and bring shame upon them; he might have to go to prison.

In his mind he could see the pictures and the black headlines in the papers. He foresaw the endless questioning by the authorities; and already he could smell the disinfectant stench of the police cells and he could feel the cold grip of the gyves about his wrists.

But when it was all over, the shame and misery, and the price, whatever, paid in full, then he knew that he might knock once more at the dark door and stand at the threshold of the dark-brown parlor and say with truth, "Maris, I'm clean again. May I come in?" and that she would not say him no.

He started his car and drove towards Borough College.

Strip yourself of car, clothes, money, pride, desires, everything you own, everything you thought you ever wanted. Walk into Yullin's office as though you were naked and covered with filth and begin the effort to cleanse yourself. Never waver, for there is no other path to that shadowed chamber of the past and the girl dwelling there . . .

COACH YULLIN'S voice came from inside his office. "Yes, come in. Who is it?"

Slowly, but no longer with any hesitance, Eddie Bohlen turned the handle that opened the door and stepped across the threshold.

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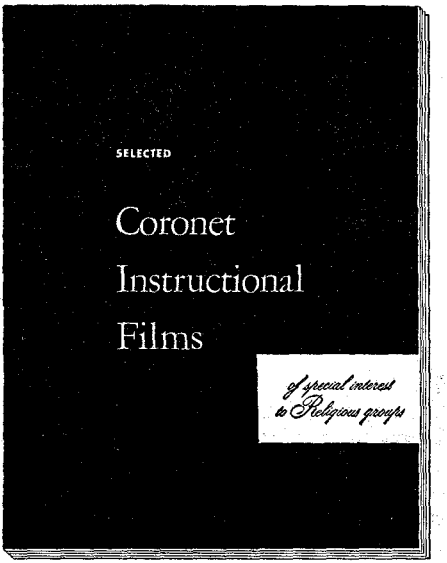

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

Southern Gentleman

THE END of graduation day had come at the quiet little Southern college. But it was hardly a festive occasion. The Civil War was barely over. The young men were armed only with diplomas to face a tragic task. Theirs was the job of finding success and happiness in rebuilding a beaten, ravaged homeland.

As the president of the school returned to his office after commencement exercises, his heart was heavy. He knew, as few men could, the hatreds that still burned in the hearts of these young Southern men. And he knew that these hatreds were the greatest obstacles his graduates faced. He wondered if, as an educator, he had failed his task.

This mad war between brothers had left him cruelly scarred in soul and spirit. He had known its stupidity from the outset. But he had cast his lot with the South, for above all he had loved honor and duty. As he reflected upon the sadness of recent years he was called back to the present by a knock on his door. There he found one of his graduates and the lad's mother. The Southern gentlewoman was in a mild rage.

"Sir, as the president of this institution, as a Southern gentleman, I ask you to talk some sense into this son of mine! He is going to New York—*to work side by side with the damnyankees!*"

A twinkle came into the eyes of the professor. Then the twinkle faded into sadness as he said with gentle firmness: "Madam, do not train your sons to hate the North. Remember that now we are one nation. Let us abandon local animosities and *make our sons Americans!*"

Perhaps we would do well now to recall those words of a broken-hearted college president—a Southern gentleman—a great American. His name was Robert E. Lee. —HAYWOOD VINCENT

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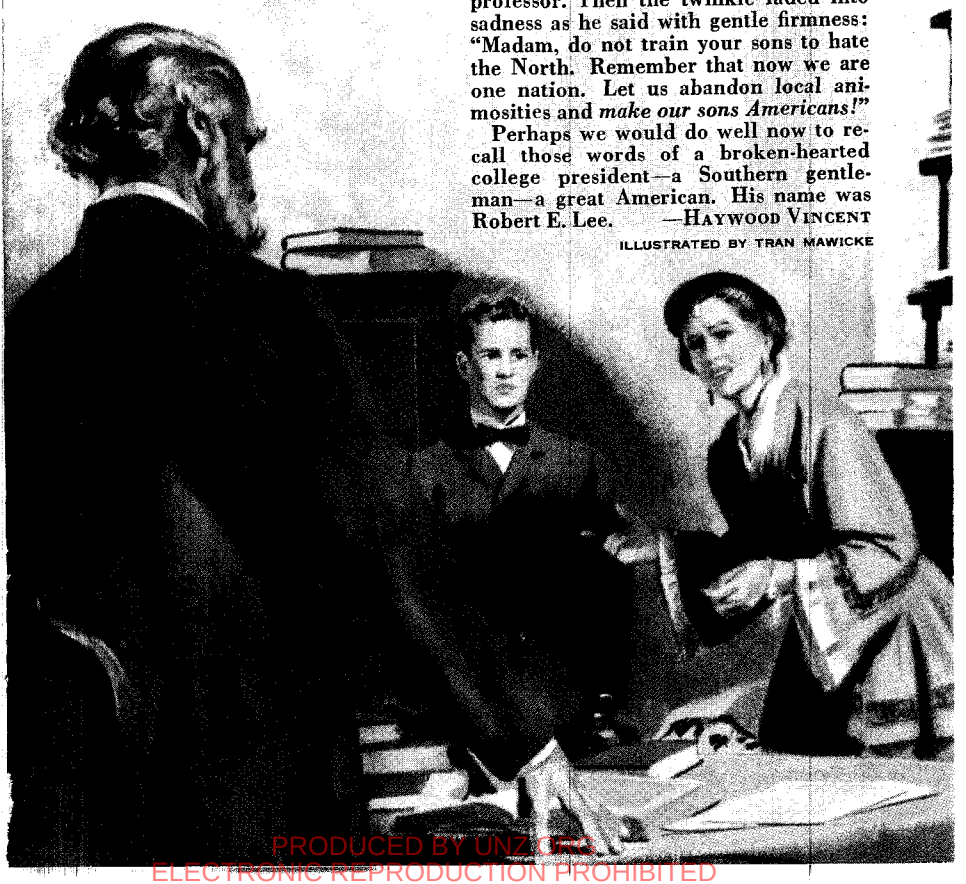

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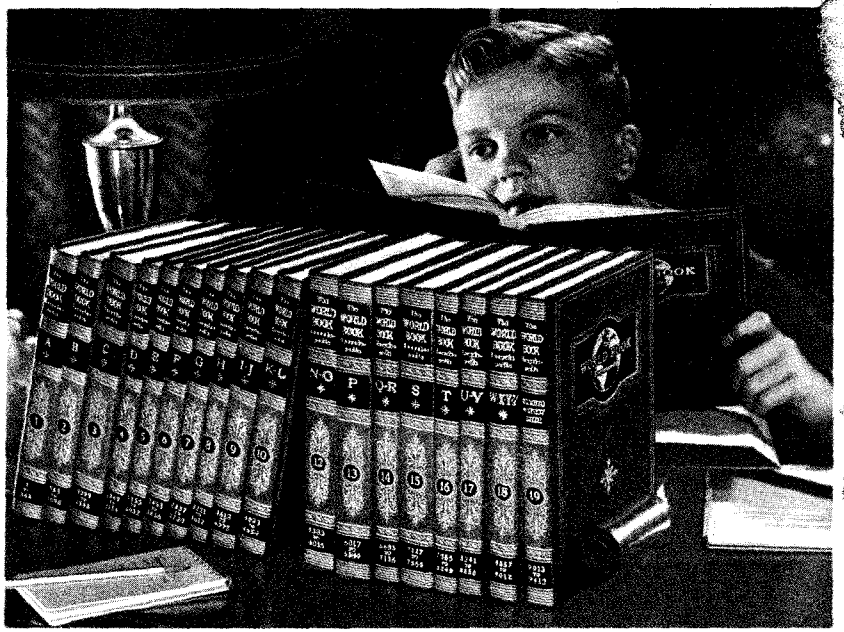

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